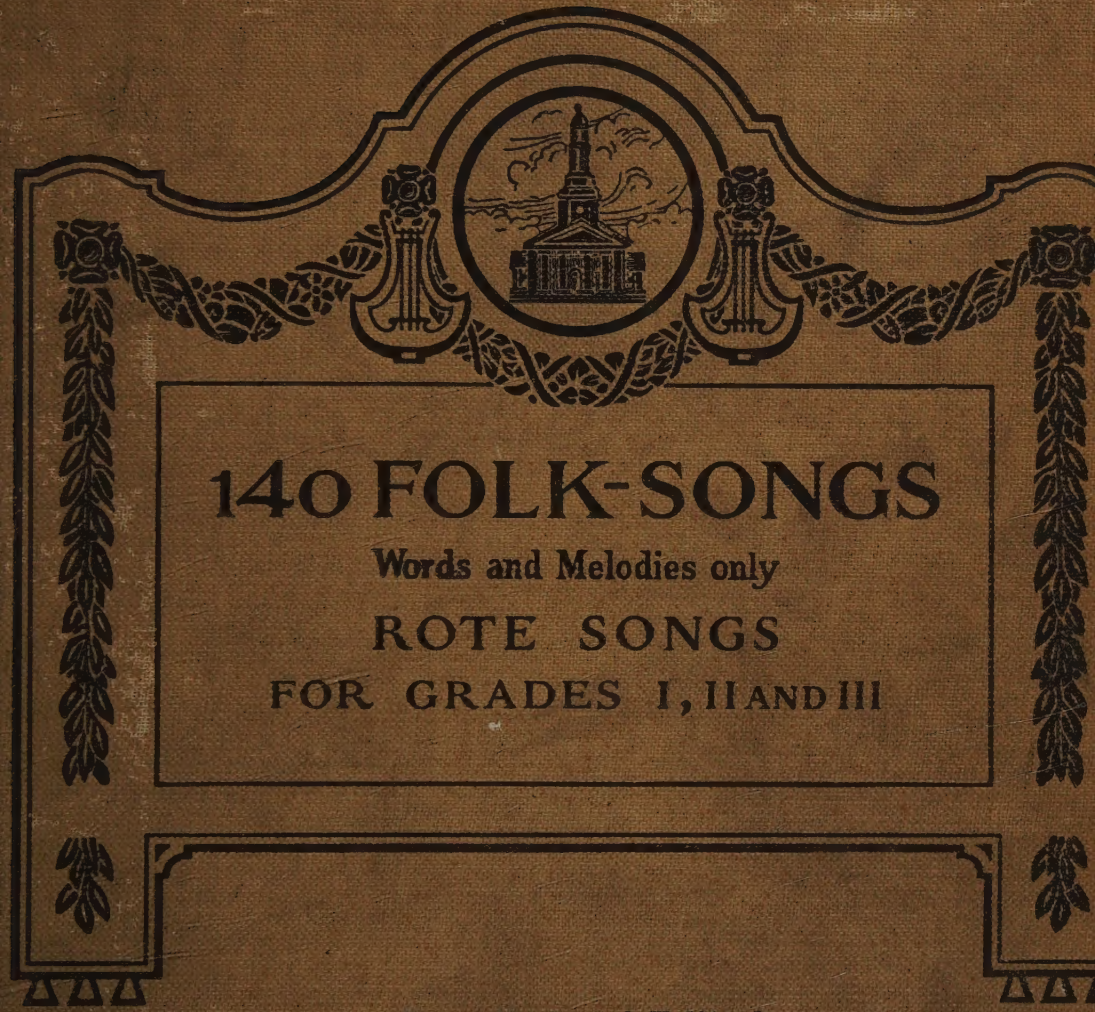
CONCORD SERIES No 3



140 FOLK-SONGS

Words and Melodies only

ROTE SONGS

FOR GRADES I, II AND III

Compiled and Edited
for Use in School and Home
by ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON
and THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

E.C.SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.
221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

New England Church
Sunday School Library

New England Church
Sunday School Library

THE CONCORD SERIES
of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music
under the Editorship of
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE
and
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 3

140 FOLK-TUNES

ROTE SONGS
GRADES I, II and III
for
SCHOOL & HOME

Compiled and Edited by
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON
&
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

New and Revised Edition

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.
221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS

© 1922 E. C. S. M. CO.

The pianoforte accompaniments for these tunes are contained in and coordinated with Vol. 7 of the Concord Series, *New and Revised Edition*, published by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1921, by E. C. Schirmer Music Co.

PREFACE

This book is the second in a series of School Music books of which the first is for Kindergarten.

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating the taste of young children for the best music. It is obvious that some such *actual* musical experience should precede instruction *about* music, and it is believed that singing beautiful songs by ear during the early years will lay the foundation for an appreciation of beautiful music, will facilitate later instruction in reading music, and will also serve as a stimulus and preparation for the study of piano playing, violin playing, etc.

In teaching these songs we recommend the following method of procedure:

As far as possible the song should be related to the interests of the children. The song should first be sung through by the teacher with due regard to the meaning of the words and the character of the music. The song may then be taught to the children line by line, or, while it is being sung again by the teacher, the children may be encouraged to take part in it through some simple rhythmic movement expressive of the meaning of the song; — for instance, in No. 2, by motion suggestive of rocking a cradle. In this way the children will often learn to sing the song as a whole without definite instruction. Such rhythmic movements should always be in response to the music itself, so that they seem to the child to merge into the qualities of the music. Care must be taken to keep these movements from developing into mere physical exuberance, or into any activity independent of the music. And in no case should the children sing while taking part in vigorous action.*

* This detail, as well as others, such as the characterization of songs, will be dealt with more fully in the Manual for Teachers, Vol. I.

Proper attention should be paid to the development of good tone, breathing, enunciation and the treatment of children whose sense of pitch is defective.

The folk-songs in this book were originally sung, for the most part, as pure melodies without accompaniment, and it is desirable that children should first become familiar with the beauty of the melodies and with their rhythmic qualities apart from any artificial support. On the other hand, the accompaniment often reinforces the meaning of the words (as in No. 24) and may be used for that purpose. In any case the accompaniments to these songs should be taken from "140 Folk-Tunes," (No. 7 in the Concord Series) and should be played in such a manner as not to dominate the singing.*

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

These instructions are designed for teachers not having access to the Manual for Teachers (Concord Series, No. 6, *in preparation*) covering the work of the first six grades.

When these songs are used in schools, the children who are able to read the words should be provided with the Book of Words (No. 3a in the Concord Series). During the last half of the third year (Grade III) the children should be provided with the present book (No. 3 in the Concord Series). Songs 1 to 49 inclusive are intended for Grade I; song 50 to 95 inclusive, for Grade II; songs 96 to 140 inclusive, for Grade III.

* The recommendation to use the book of "140 Folk-Tunes" with accompaniments is made because of the fact that a folk-song may be quite ruined by a haphazard or unskillful accompaniment. The accompaniments in the book just referred to have been made with great care and with due regard to the style and character of each melody.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

140 FOLK-TUNES

(Concord Series No. 3)

(The pianoforte accompaniments for these Tunes are contained in Vol. 7 of The Concord Series)

---

1. The Sparrow's Nest

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman

The Alphabet

English words by Homer H. Harbour — Old French Song

In moderate time

mp

1. Down a - mong the dai - sies white, Hid - den al - most
2. When the sun - set skies are red, Moth - er Spar - row

Ah! vous di - rai - je ma - man, Ce qui cau - se

A B C D E F G H I J K

out of sight, See the lit - tle spar - rows ly - ing,
sings o'er - head: "Bird - ies mine will soon be sleep - ing

mon tour - ment? Pa - pa veut que je rai - son - ne

L M N O P Q R S and T U V——

For their din - ner loud - ly cry - ing; Moth - er's bu - sy
While your moth - er watch is keep - ing; She will guard you

comme u - ne gran - de per - son - ne; Moi - je dis que

W(doub-le U) and X Y Z.—— Now I've said my

poco rit.

as can be, Hunt - ing food e - nough for three.
all the night, Down a - mong the dai - sies white."

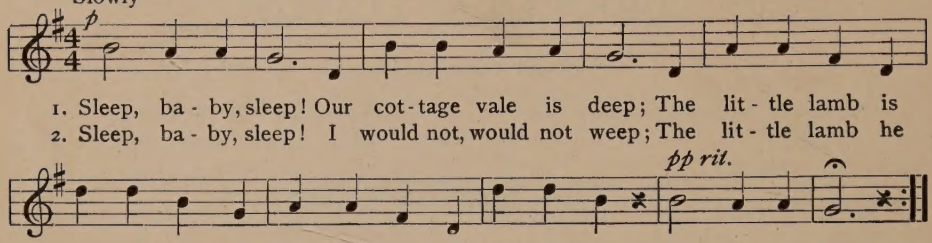
les bon - bons Va - lent mieux que la rai - son.

A, B, C, Tell me what you think of me.

Copyright, 1921, by E. C. Schirmer Music Co.

2. Sleep, baby, sleep!

Old Song



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is deep; The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With snow - y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! I would not, would not weep; The lit - tle lamb he nev - er cries, And bright and hap - py are his eyes; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

3
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Near where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

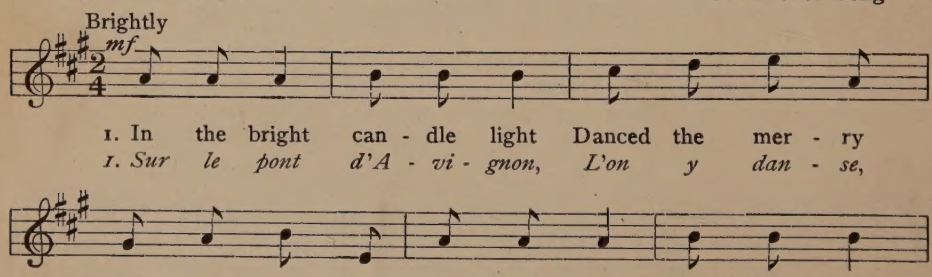
4
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

3. Lords and Ladies *

Le Pont d'Avignon

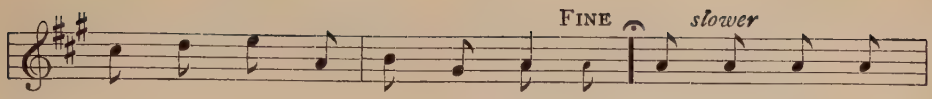
Homer H. Harbour

Old French Song

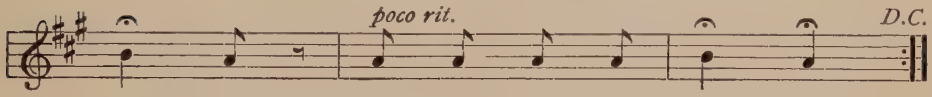


1. In the bright can - dle light Danced the mer - ry lords and la - dies; In the bright can - dle light,
1. Sur le pont d'A - vi - gnon, L'on y dan - se, l'on y dan - se; Sur le pont d'A - vi - gnon,

* This song may be divided among groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words "All the lords" etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.



Danced to mu - sic all the night. All the lords bowed
L'on y dan - se tout en rond. Les beaux mes - sieurs font



this way, And a - gain bowed *this* way;
comm' ça, Et puis en - cor comm' ça.

2

Ev'ry lord had a sword
With a hilt of shining silver;
Ev'ry fair lady there
Wore a rosebud in her hair.
Ladies fair bowed *this* way,
And again bowed *this* way.

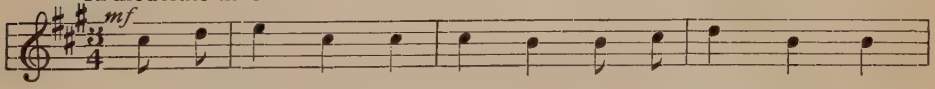
2

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond.
Les belles dames font comm' ça,
Et puis encor comm' ça.

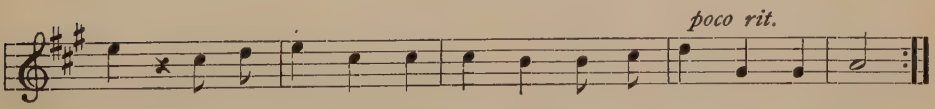
4. The Journey of the Leaves

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

In moderate time



1. "Come a - way," sang the riv - er, To the leaves on a
2. So the leaves, gent - ly fall - ing From the tree on the



tree; "Let me take you a jour - ney If the world you would see."
shore, Flow'd a - way on the riv - er To come home nev - er - more.

5. The Little Boy and the Sheep

La Bonne Aventure

Jane Taylor — Old French Song

Rather slowly

mp

1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me, why In the pleas - ant fields you
1. Je suis un pe - tit pon - pon de bel - le fi - gu -

lie? La - zy sheep, pray tell me, why In the pleas - ant fields you
re, Qui ai - me bien les bon - bons et les con - fi - tu -

lie, Eat - ing grass and dai - sies white, From the morn - ing till the
res. Si vous vou - lez m'en don - ner, Je sau - rai bien les man -

poco rit.

night; Ev - 'ry - thing can some-thing do, But what kind of use are you?
ger. La bon - ne a-ven - ture, Oh, gai! La bon - ne a-ven - tu - re!

2

‖:Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray ;:‖
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

3

‖:True it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daises in the spring ;:‖
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass;
Pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

‖:Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past;:‖
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day;
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

2

Lorsque les petits garçons
Sont gentils et sages,
On leur donne des bonbons,
De jolies images.
Mais quand ils se font gronder,
C'est le fouet qu'il faut donner,
La triste aventure,
Oh, gai!
La triste aventure!

3

Je serai sage et bien bon,
Pour plaire à ma mère,
Je saurai bien mon leçon,
Pour plaire à mon père;
Je veux bien les contenter,
Et s'ils veulent m'embrasser,
La bonne aventure,
Oh, gai!
La bonne aventure!

6. Who are You?

Richard Compton

German Melody

Quickly

mf

1. Good - morn - ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Yel - low bird,
2. My name is John - ny Vir - e - o, Vir - e - o,

poco rit.

yel - low bird; Good-morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Who are you?
Vir - e - o; My name is John - ny Vir - e - o, Who are you?

7. My Pony

Nathan Haskell Dole

German Folk-song

With spirit

mf

1. Hop! Hop! Hop! Reins I will not drop! Po - ny, you must
2. Hop! Hop! Hop! From the long hill - top I have gal - loped

gal - lop fast - er, If you want to please your mas - ter;
fast and fast - er, At the bid - ding of my mas - ter.

He'll not let you stop: — Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!
Now I think I'll stop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!

8. Good Pierrot

Au clair de la Lune

English words by Nathan Haskell Dole — French Folk-song

Rather slowly

mp

1. Good Pier - rot, be - friend me, In the moon - shine bright!
1. Au clair de la lu - ne, Mon a - mi Pier - rot,

Your quill pen, oh, lend me So that I may write.
Prê - te - moi ta plu - me Pour é - crire un mot.

Blown out is my can - dle, My fire will not go;
Ma chan - delle est mor - te, Je n'ai plus de feu;

poco rit.

Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!
Ou - vre - moi ta por - te Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.

2

Moonbeams all things lighting,
Pierrot crossly said:—
"I've no pen for writing,
I am snug in bed.
Go and ask your neighbor,
Go to her instead;
She is at her labor
Making loaves of bread."

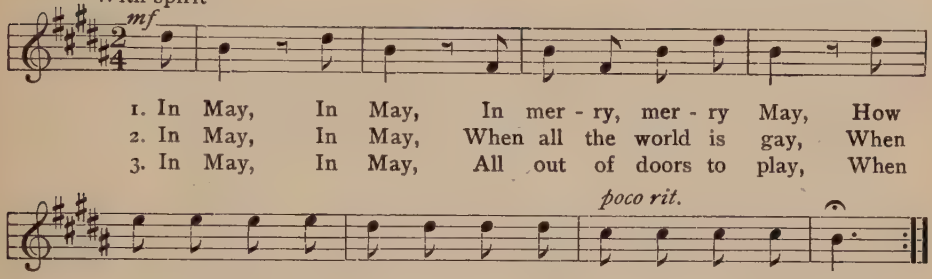
2

Au clair de la lune
Pierrot répondit:
"Je n'ai pas de plume,
Je suis dans mon lit.
Va chez la voisine,
Je crois qu'elle y est,
Car, dans sa cuisine,
On bat le briquet."

9. In May

Richard Compton
With spirit

German Folk-song

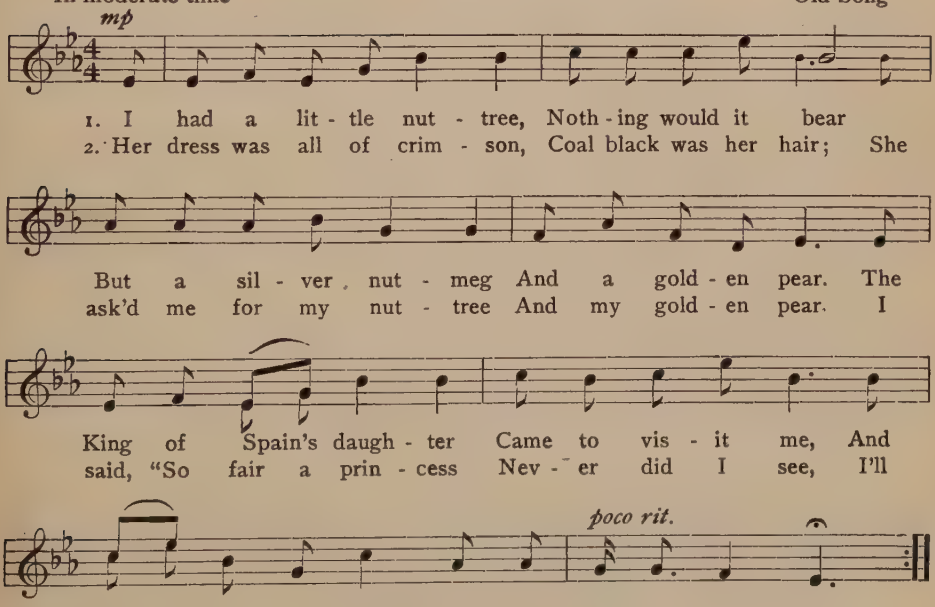


1. In May, In May, In mer - ry, mer - ry May, How gay and hap - py we shall be, Sing ho for love - ly May!
2. In May, In May, When all the world is gay, When ap - ple trees are ros - y white, How wel - come mer - ry May!
3. In May, In May, All out of doors to play, When all the trees are turn - ing green, O love - ly, love - ly May!

10. The Nut-tree

In moderate time

Old Song



1. I had a lit - tle nut - tree, Noth - ing would it bear
But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The King of Spain's daugh - ter Came to vis - it me, And all — for the sake Of my lit - tle nut - tree.
2. Her dress was all of crim - son, Coal black was her hair; She ask'd me for my nut - tree And my gold - en pear. I said, "So fair a prin - cess Nev - er did I see, I'll give to you the fruit Of my lit - tle nut - tree."

11. If I were a bird

Richard Compton — German Folk-song

Rather slowly

mp

1. If I a bird could be, I should fly o'er the sea, Far, far a - way.
2. High o'er the o - cean blue I should go fly - ing thro' Clear blow-ing wind;
3. All a long sum-mer's day O - ver the seas a - way, Far would I roam;

Mid snow - y clouds in air, I should go rac - ing there Swift-er than they.
Leav - ing the ships be - low, Sail - ing a - long so slow, Far,far be - hind.
But when the hour was late, I should go fly - ing straight Back to my home.

12. The Shepherdess

Ramène tes Moutons

Translation by William B. Snow — Old French Song

Moderately fast

mp

She who's fair - est in my sight I'll pre - sent for your de - light.
La plus ai - mable à mon gré, Je vais vous la pré - sen - ter.

Un - der Lon - don Bridge we'll send her, Lead - ing all her lamb-kins
Nous lui f'rons pas - ser bar - riè - re. Ra - mèn' tes mou - tons, ber -

poco rit.

ten - der; Shep-herd maid-en, lead them home, Home a - gain, no lon - ger roam.
gè - re, Ra - mèn', ra - mèn', ra - mèn', donc tes mou - tons A la mai - son.

13. An Evening Song

Homer H. Harbour — Old Lithuanian Song

Slowly

p

1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad-ows creep - ing, Cold o'er the
2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is beam - ing, Dew-drops of
3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire-place leap - ing, Swift - ly the

hill - top goes the night-wind sweep-ing; In their beds of moss and feath - er
crys - tal on the flow - ers gleam-ing; Lambs are by their moth-ers ly - ing,
sparks go up the chim-ney sweep-ing; When the light grows dim and dim - mer,

rit.

Lit - tle birds lie warm to - geth - er; Ba - by should be sleep - ing.
In the dark-ness bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be dream - ing.
Fad - ing to a ti - ny glim - mer; Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing.

14. Winter's past

May Morgan — German Folk-song

Moderately fast

mf

1. Now at last win - ter's past, Hear the rob - in call - ing;
2. Down be - low quilts of snow Long have you been ly - ing;
3. Lift your heads from your beds, Rise, and, round you glanc - ing,

poco rit.

Wak - en, flow'rs, gen - tle show'rs O - ver you are fall - ing.
Now come out, look a - bout, Soft the winds are sigh - ing.
See where May comes to - day From the south-land danc - ing.

15. The Pine Tree

German Folk-song

Slowly

mp

1. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, On high thou watch - est o'er us;
2. O moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, How faith - ful art thou ev - er.

A - bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand-est ev - er-more. O
Thou art as green in win - ter's snow As in the sum-mer's rich- est glow. O

rit.

moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, On high thou watch - est o'er us.
moun - tain pine, O moun - tain pine, How faith - ful art thou ev - er.

16. When fields are white

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

With spirit

mf

1. In win - ter when the fields are white, And there's sun - ny
2. We've reach'd the top: we've turn'd a - round; On our sleds we're
3. All aft - er - noon we climb and coast, Till the sun is

weath - er, We take our sleds and climb the hill,
ly - ing. A push, a shove; we're off, we're off,
sink - ing, And one by one the stars come out,

f

Boys and girls to - geth - er. Up and up and up we go,
Down the slope we're fly - ing. "Clear the track! O - ho! Look out!
In the clear sky wink - ing. Then at last towards home we turn;

poco rit.

O - ver ice and o - ver snow, Laugh - ing all to - geth - er.
Ho - lul - lul - la - lo!" we shout, Thro' the wind a - fly - ing.
Sup - per's hot, and bright fires burn; Cheer - y lights are blink - ing.

17. Winter, good-bye

John Erwin — German Folk-song

Rather slowly

mp

1. Win - ter, good - bye! Blue is the sky. You have been jol - ly fun,
2. Good - bye to snow! Now you must go. We have had fun with you,
3. Warm breez - es, come, Drive win - ter home! Back to his i - cy caves

rit.

But now your stay is— done. Blue is the sky, Win - ter, good - bye!
Coast - ing and sleigh - rides, too. Now you must go, Good - bye to snow!
O - ver the fro - zen waves; Come, A - pril, come, Drive win - ter home!

18. Winter

Nathan Haskell Dole — Bohemian Folk-song

Rather slowly

mp

1. All the win - ter long the trees are bare; Not a green leaf
2. Yet the trees are dreaming as they stand; Ros - y buds are

flut-ters an - y - where; Winds from i - cy re - gions blow,
read - y to ex - pand; When the breath of Spring is felt,

Down the hill - side drifts the snow; Crows and squir-rels ask for scraps of
All the ice and snow will melt; Full of life the riv - er'll rise and

poco rit. *a tempo*

bread; One would think the riv - er fro - zen dead!
flow; There'll be food for squir-rel and for crow!

* The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

19. The Shower

May Morgan — German Folk-song

Rather slowly

mf

1. The thun - der is growl - ing, And dark grows the
2. Soon down will come dash - ing The warm sum - mer

sky, Where fast - er and fast - er The storm - clouds race by.
rain, And dust - y brown mead - ows Grow green once a - gain.

20. It snows in the night

Homer H. Harbour — Slavonic Folk-song

Slowly

p

1. Slow - ly the snow comes float - ing down, O - ver the
2. Gray comes the day - light dawn - ing clear; Clouds all are

roof - tops in the town, Down thro' the night with -
gone, the sun is here. Oh, what a love - ly

poco rit. *

out a sound, Turn - ing and whirl - ing to the ground.
morn - ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *F* and *G* in the last measure should be strictly observed.

21. The Nightingale

German Folk-song

Rather slowly

mp

1. *Look at that beau - ti - ful sing - ing bird, Sing - ing up -
2. No, my love, that is no night - in - gale, Some oth - er

on the fir - tree. Sure - ly it must be the
bird it must be; Night - in - gales sing on the

poco rit.

night - in - gale! What oth - er bird can— it — be?
ha - zel boughs, Nev - er up - on a—— fir - tree.

22. A Picnic on the Grass

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. Were you ev - er on a pic - nic When the sum - mer sky is
2. With the plat - ters made of oak -leaves,Tied to - geth - er with a
3. Pick - ing flow - ers, pick- ing ber - ries, Till the good things all are

poco rit.

blue,With the green grass for a ta - ble And for ta - ble - cloth too?
string; And with cups made out of birch- bark You can drink from the spring.
spread; Eat- ing din - ner in the sun - shine While the birds sing o'er- head.

* One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

23. Dancing in the Orchard

Richard Compton — Austrian Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mf

1. Come dance in —— the or - chard 'Mid — dai - sies, Mid —
2. Dance ring - round - a - ros - y, The — white clouds Go —
3. Dance fast - er —— and fast - er, All — laugh - ing, All —

poco rit.

clo - ver; Come dance in — the or - chard, All — un - der the trees.
sail - ing; Dance ring - round - a - ros - y, As — long as we please.
sing - ing; Dance fast - er — and fast - er While soft blows the breeze.

24. The Pony Ride

Richard Compton — Flemish Folk-song

Fast

mf

1. Here we come on our po - nies, Our po - nies, our po - nies;
2. We are rid - ing to Bos - ton, To Bos - ton, to Bos - ton;

FINE

Here we come on our po - nies; Now whoa! whoa! whoa! Stop a mo-ment
We are rid - ing to Bos - ton To have some fun.— Po - ny, if you'll

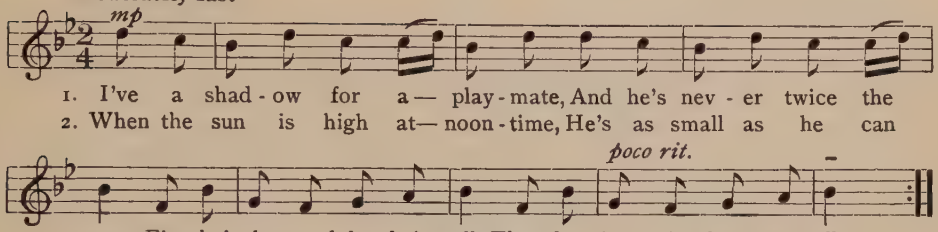
D.C.

just to say, "Oh, how do you do, this sun - ny day?" And off we go! —
trot with me, Some su - gar and cake you'll have for tea, So run! run! run!—

25. My Playmate

Homer H. Harbour
Moderately fast

Russian Folk-song



1. I've a shad - ow for a — play - mate, And he's nev - er twice the same; First he's short and then he's tall, Then he is - n't there at all.
2. When the sun is high at — noon - time, He's as small as he can be: Hump-ty dump-ty, see him glide, Hump-ty dump - ty, by my side.

3

As the sun gets low and lower,
Like a giant he grows tall:
Daddy-long-legs, when I run,
Daddy-long-legs, oh, what fun!

4

But I think he's scared of darkness,
And I think he's scared of rain,
For he slips away at night;
When it rains he's not in sight.

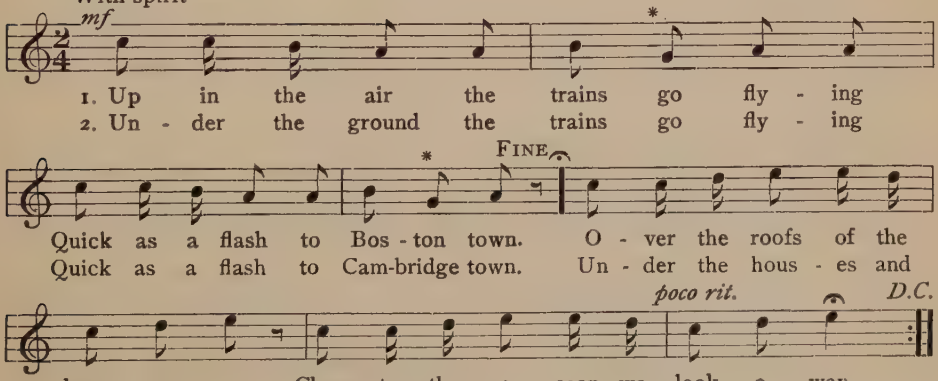
5

But the moment lamps are lighted,
And whene'er the sun comes out,
Quickly back to me he steals,
Tagging closely at my heels.

26. Riding on the Elevated

Richard Compton
With spirit

Flemish Melody



1. Up in the air the trains go fly - ing Quick as a flash to Bos - ton town. O - ver the roofs of the hous - es gray Clear to the o - cean we look a - way.
2. Un - der the ground the trains go fly - ing Quick as a flash to Cam-bridge town. Un - der the hous - es and trees we fly, Un - der the church - es and tow - ers high.

* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *G* and *A*, in the second and fourth measures, should be strictly observed.

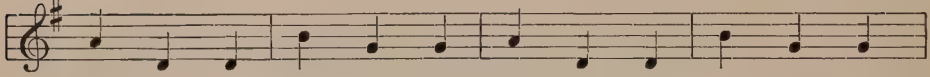
27. A Song of Bread

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

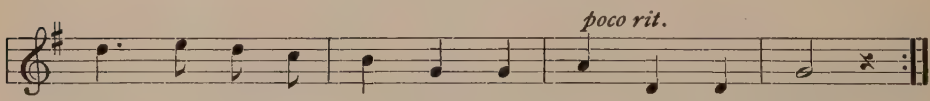
With swinging rhythm

1. Sing a song of gold - en wheat, Gold - en wheat, gold - en wheat;
2. Sing a song of farm - er boys, Farm - er boys, farm - er boys;

Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown.
Sing a song of farm - er boys Mow - ing the grain.



Birds are there, Bees are there, But - ter - flies in the air:
Swish they go, Slash they go, Grass - es are bend - ing low:



Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown!
Sing a song of farm - er boys Mow - ing the grain!

3

Sing a song of waterfalls,
Waterfalls, waterfalls,
Sing a song of waterfalls
Turning wheels round.
Sift the wheat,
Stamp the wheat,
Till it is soft and sweet;
Sing a song of waterfalls
Turning wheels round.

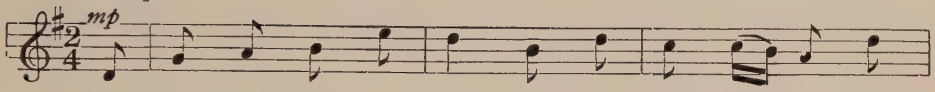
4

Sing a song of baking day,
Baking day, baking day,
Sing a song of baking day,
Coals burning red.
Milk is in,
Yeast is in,
Ovens are hot within,
Sing a song of baking day,
Loaves of white bread.

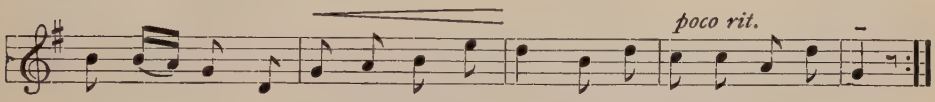
28. Jack-in-the-Pulpit

May Morgan
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. One sun - ny A - pril morn - ing, As I was walk - ing
2. I bow'd to him po - lite - ly, And said, "What is your

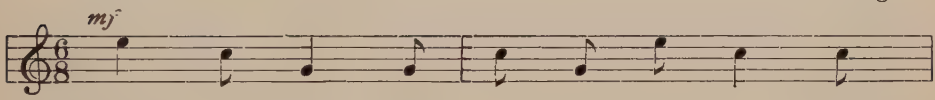


thro' the wood, I came where Jack, the Preach-er, Up - on his pul - pit stood.
text to - day?" But Jack, the Preach-er, stood there With-out a word to say.

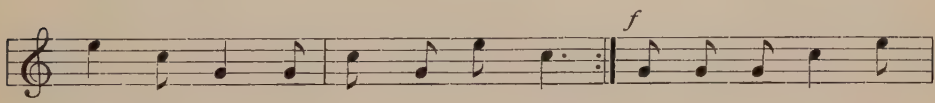
29. Reveille

Fast

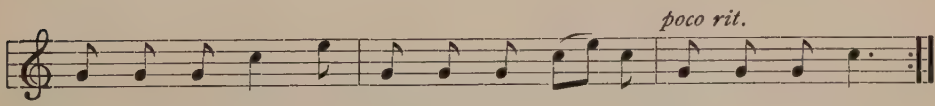
Dutch Folk-song



1. From the fort where sol - diers are sleep - ing
(*mf*) "Men, a - wake! Come run - ning and leap - ing;
(*f*) 2. Hark! the bu - gle call - ing so loud - ly;
See the flag that's climb - ing so proud - ly,



Sounds the bu - gle ere it is light; Tra la la la la,
Day is com - ing, gone is the night."
Far it ech - oes o - ver the bay; Tra la la la la,
High, so high, to wel - come the day!



tra la la la la, Soon will the sun bring glo - ri - ous light.
tra la la la la, Flag of our coun - try greet - ing the day!

30. The Tall Clock

Nathan Haskell Dole — German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. Clock up - on the land - ing, How old are you, pray? How long have you been stand - ing At work night and day; With pen - du - lum swing - ing, Your hands turn - ing round, Strik - ing ev - 'ry hour With me - lo - di - ous sound?

2. Once a week they feed you,—I've seen how 'tis done! I'm learn - ing how to read you,—Five, four, three, two, one! Pa - pa says the sun sets And ris - es by you,—That's why ev - 'ry one Sets his watch by you, too!

poco rit.

31. The Wind

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

Fast

mf

1. Down the street the wind is roar - ing, Hear his trump - ets blow! *(Hear his trump - ets blow!) O - ver roofs and chim - neys soar - ing, Shout - ing fierce - ly, O - ho - ho!

2. Lis - ten how the wind goes moan - ing In the chim - ney flue, (In the chim - ney - flue;) Round the doors and win - dows groan - ing, Cry - ing sad - ly, Oo - hoo - hoo!

poco rit.

O - ver roofs and chim - neys soar - ing, Hear his trump - ets blow!
*(Let me in for I am lone - ly, Let me in with you.)

* Words in parentheses may be sung by one child at a distance.

32. A Night in the Woods

Homer H. Harbour — Dutch Folk-song

Slowly

p

1. A - sleep in their shad - y bed, Hush - a - bye - o! Two
2. They o - pen'd their pret - ty eyes Just be - fore dark, As
3. They fed up - on grass - es green, Ber - ries, and ferns, And

ba - by deer nes - tled one day, — While o - ver their heads the wee
fad - ed the long aft - er - noon; They wan - der'd all night a - mong
drank of the lake cool and deep; But when the first light of the

poco rit.

birds of the wood Were sing - ing and swing-ing a - way. While way.
mead-ows and fields Where brightly was shin - ing the moon. They moon.
sun touch'd the trees, They lay in their bed sound a - sleep. But sleep.

33. The Pine Tree Swing

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree I've
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es The

found me a won - der - ful swing, Where I can rest so
white clouds sail laz - i - ly by; And some - times lit - tle

safe, so high, And hear the breeze in the branch - es sigh, And
birds light near And sing their songs close to my ear, And

poco rit.

up — and down, And up — and down, The wind sings rock - a - bye.
up — and down, And up — and down, I rock 'twixt earth and sky.

34. I saw three ships

With spirit — Old Song

mp

1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by,
2. And what do you think was on the ships,

Sail - ing by, sail - ing by; I saw three ships come
On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was

mf *poco rit.*

sail - ing by, On New Year's day in the morn - ing.
on the ships, On New Year's day in the morn - ing?

3

Three pretty girls were on the ships,
On the ships, on the ships;
Three pretty girls were on the ships,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

4

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
The other could play the violin;
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

35. Playing Ball on the Stairs

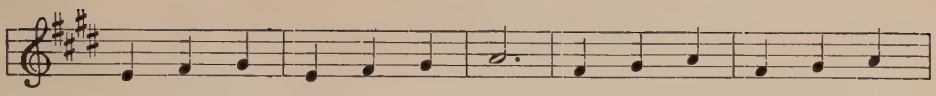
Richard Compton — French Folk-song

Moderately fast

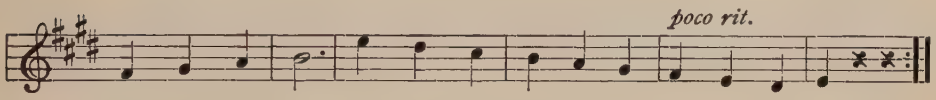
mp

1. Here is a stair - case so steep and so tall;
2. Bounc - ing a - way to the top it must go,

Here in my hand is a red rub - ber ball; See how I
Step by step down a - gain drop - ping so slow; In - to my



make it go hip - pi - ty - hop! See how I throw it way
hand see it fall with a bump! All the way back to the

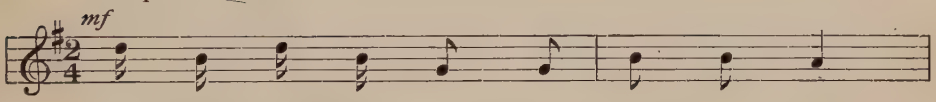


up to the top; Here it comes down a - gain, clop - pi - ty - clop!
top see it jump! Here it comes down a - gain, bump-e - ty - bump!

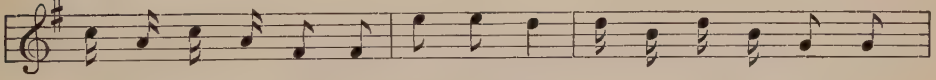
36. Tirra-lirra-lirra

John Erwin — German Folk-song

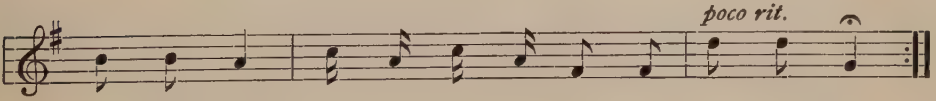
With spirit



1. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, In the spring
2. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Is our song,
3. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Soft and low,



O - ri - oles and rob - ins Sweet - ly sing; From the leaf - y branch - es
When the love - ly sum - mer Days are long; Row - ing on the riv - er
Hear the brook in win - ter 'Neath the snow; Tho' the leaves are dead Wher'-



We can hear Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Ring - ing clear.
Or the sea, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sing with glee!
e'er we look, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sings the brook.

37. The Little Sandman

German Folk-song

Slowly

p

1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray, They
2. Now see, the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his head, And
3. And ere the lit - tle sand - man Is man - y steps a - way, Thy

nod their heads to - geth - er, And dream the night a - way.
looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be— in bed.
pret - ty eyes, my darl - ing, Close fast— un - til— next day.

mp

The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low,
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws sand in - to its eyes.
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And greet the sun - shine bright.

pp *rit.*

Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!
Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!
Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!

38. My Shadow

May Morgan

Old Song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. My shad - ow's al - ways with me, No— mat - ter where I
2. His size is al - ways chang - ing, Some-times he shoots up
3. But though he's al - ways friend - ly, And loves with me to

poco rit.

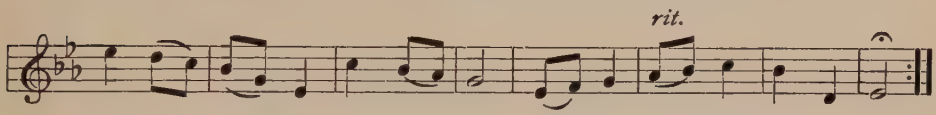
go; — My pace he's al - ways keeping, If — fast I move, or slow.
tall;— And then a - gain he dwin-dles Un - til he's ver - y small.
stay,— My fun - ny lit - tle shad - ow Has not a word to say.—

39. Song of Praise

Richard Compton
Slowly

Old English Song

1. God, our— Fa-ther, made the daylight; God, our — Fa-ther, made the night;
2. God, we—thank Thee for the show-ers, God, we thank Thee for the dew;

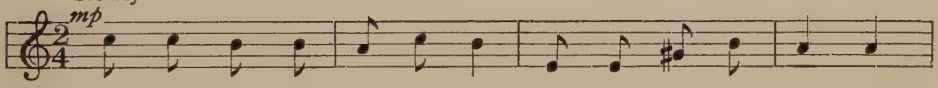


God made moun-tains, sea, and sky, And the white clouds floating high.
Might-y — trees and flow - ers small, God, our Fa - ther, gave them all,

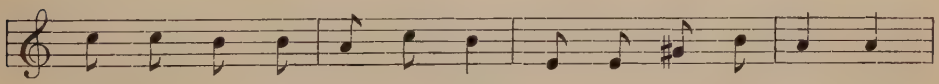
40. God, our loving Father

Richard Compton
Slowly

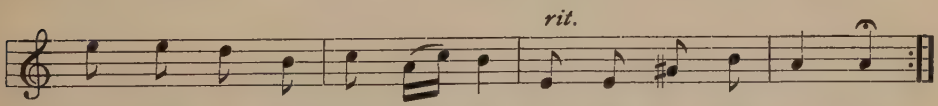
Finnish Melody



1. Who made o - cean, earth, and sky? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
2. Who made lakes and riv - ers blue? God, our lov.- ing Fa - ther.



Who made sun and moon on high? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
Who made snow and rain and dew? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.



Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
He made lit - tle chil - dren, too, God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

41. Come, Thou almighty King

Charles Wesley — Felice Giardini

With dignity

mf

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name — to sing,

Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

cresc. *f rit.*

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

42. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. Onderdonk (1826) — Josef Haydn

With dignity

mf

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be

praise! How just, King of saints, And true — are Thy ways! Oh,
shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come — to Thy throne: Thy

poco rit. *a tempo*

who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy Name? Thou
truth and Thy judg - ments Shall spread all a - broad, Till

cresc. *f rit.*

on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.
earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess — Thee their God.

43. Silent Night

Carol

Slowly — Michael Haydn

pp

1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Dark - ness flies, all is light!
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Child of heav'n! oh, how bright

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant, so
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing "Hal - le - lu - jah,
Thou didst smile when Thou— wast born, Bless - ed be—— that

rit.

ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace.
Hail the King! Christ the Sav-iour is born! Christ the Sav-iour is born!"
hap - py morn, Full of heav - en - ly joy,— Full of heav-en - ly joy!—

44. Once, long ago

Carol

Richard Compton — Old Bohemian Christmas Carol

Brightly

mp

1. Once, long— a - go, when the— world lay — a - sleep,
2. Then all—— the skies were a - flame with— great light,

Out on—— the— plain shep - herds watch'd o'er— their sheep;
Where shin - ing— hosts of—— God's an - gels— stood bright;

mf

Lo, there an an - gel bright came up - on them,
"Glo - ry to God on high," they were sing - ing,

f — *poco rit.*

Glad ti - dings from on high bring - ing to them: Je - sus is— born!
Joy un - to all man - kind they were bring - ing: Je - sus is— born!

45. Lincoln's Birthday

Homer H. Harbour — Dutch Folk-song

In moderate time

mf

1. In tow'r and spire were ring - ing, This day at dawn, the
2. The for - est winds went sigh - ing, One drear - y win - ter
3. The roll - ing years add bright - ness To Lin - coln's well - loved

bells; And now the chil - dren's sing - ing From hall and school-house
day, A - round a rough log cab - in Where as a babe he
name, And chil - dren of our chil - dren Shall sing his praise and

swells, Of — one who loved his— peo - ple, The glad birth - day to —
lay. But — nev - er king or— cap - tain Did no - bler deeds than
fame. Wide o'er this land the— peo - ple With joy his birth - day—

f *poco rit.*

greet:—Ring, bells from ev - 'ry stee - ple, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!
he, Who saved a might - y na - tion, And set a peo - ple free.
greet:—Ring, bells from ev - 'ry stee - ple, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!

46. The Fourth of July

John Erwin — German Melody

With spirit

mf *f*

1. From dawn of day to — set of sun Ju - ly the Fourth is full of fun; O
2. A— birth-day pres-ent — ev - 'ry year We ought to give our country dear; O

hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! The
hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! So—

poco rit.

birth - day of our own dear land, Be - neath whose star - ry— flag we stand.
now, dear land, I— give to you My heart's love ev - er— warm and true.

47. Santa Claus

Nathan Haskell Dole — Old German Song

With spirit

mp

1. What clat-ters on the roofs With quick im - pa-tient hoofs? I think it must be
2. I won-der what he brings, What heaps of pret - ty things, And how he gets them

mf — *poco rit.*

San - ta Claus! Hark! Old San - ta Claus—He's in his load - ed sledge!
down the flue. Hark! Down thro' the flue Just where the stock-ings hang!

3

'Tis cold as cold can be,
Yet I should like to see
If Santa Claus is dress'd his best.
Hark! Dress'd for his ride,
His ride around the world.

4

I guess I'll dare to peep,
He'll think me sound asleep;
Why, there he is with heaps of toys!
Hark! Yes, heaps of toys;
Yes, there is Santa Claus!

48. The Flag going by

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

With dignity

mf

1. O beau - ti - ful ban - ner all splen - did with stars, That
2. From o - cean to o - cean you bright - en our land, O'er

f

down the street comes fly - ing, Proud em - blem of the free! My
prai - rie, for - est, moun - tain, Su - perb a - gainst the sky. O

poco rit.

heart and hand sa - lute you, Dear flag of — lib - er - ty!
flag for which men la - bor! O flag for—which men die!

49. America

Samuel Francis Smith — Old Saxon Melody

Slowly

mf

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

f

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

rit.

Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

50. How should I your true love know

W. Shakspeare — English Folk-song

Slowly

mp

1. How should I your true love know From an - oth - er one?
2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone;

poco rit.

By his hat and cock - le staff, And his— san - dal shoon.
At his head a— grass - green turf, At his— heels a stone.

51. The Bells

John Erwin
With spirit

French Folk-song

mp

1. A - way up in the tower, Bells ring each hour; To all the world they say The time of day. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Is the church bell's solemn song.
2. A bell rings off the shore Where sea - waves roar, To bid all ships be - ware, Sharp rocks are there; Ding-dong, ding-dong, Goes the bell - buoy all day long.

mf *rit.*

52. The Golden Boat

Homer H. Harbour
Slowly

German Melody

mp

1. Down the riv - er swift - ly sail - ing Comes a love - ly gold - en boat; Light it drifts as a - ny feath - er On the rush - ing stream a - float.
2. Not a mast or sail to guide it, On the yel - low deck are seen; 'Tis a ship of ti - ny fair - ies Tak - ing home the fair - y queen.
3. Now, I'll tell you that my riv - er Was the gut - ter-stream that roll'd, And my boat, a leaf of ma - ple That the frost had turn'd to gold.

poco rit.

53. Cradle Song

In moderate time

German Folk-song

pp

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the sheep, Thy moth-er shakes the ap - ple - tree And down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. 'Tis heav - en sends us sheep; The lit - tle stars are lamb-kins white, The moon she tends them all the night. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. And you shall have a sheep, And he shall have a gold - en bell, And play with ba - by in the dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

pp rit.

54. I had a little sail-boat

La Bergère

John Erwin
With spirit

French Folk-song

mp

1. I had a lit - tle sail - boat; Her decks were new, and all
1. Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Et ron, ron, ron, Pe - tit

paint - ed blue; I had a lit - tle sail - boat, And
pa - ta - pon, Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re Qui

poco rit.

sail'd it on the brook, Tra la! And sail'd it on the brook.
gar - dait ses mou - tons, ron, ron, Qui gar - dait ses mou tons.—

2

An ugly frog sat staring,
An ugly frog that was on a log;
An ugly frog sat staring,
And leap'd upon her deck,
Tra la! And leap'd upon her deck.

3

My ship went topsy-turvy;
Her sails so white disappear'd from sight;
My ship went topsy-turvy,
Beneath the water clear,
Tra la! Beneath the water clear.

2

Elle fit un fromage,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Elle fit un fromage,
Du lait de ses moutons,
Ron, ron,
Du lait de ses moutons.

3

Le chat qui la regarde,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Le chat qui la regarde
D'un petit air fripon,
Ron, ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

4

Si tu mets y la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Si tu mets y la patte,
Tu auras du bâton,
Ron, ron,
Tu auras du bâton.

5

Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton,
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

6

La bergère en colère,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
La bergère en colère,
A tué son chaton,
Ron, ron,
A tué son chaton.

55. The Wind and the Shadows

Le Petit Chasseur

Homer H. Harbour — Old French Song

In moderate time

mf

1. On a sun - ny day in June, I have watch'd the breez - es
1. Il é - tait un pe - tit homm', A che - val sur un bâ -

play, All a gold - en af - ter - noon, Rac - ing with the shad - ows
ton; Il s'en al - lait à la chass', A la chass' aux z'han - ne -

poco rit.

gray, A - fly - ing, fly - ing far a - way, A - fly - ing, fly - ing far a - way.
tons Et ti ton tain' et ti ton tain',Et ti ton tain', et ti ton ton'!

2

Over wood and over hill
Sliding swift the shadows go,
Over church and farm and mill,
When the merry breezes blow,
A-gliding, gliding on below,
A-gliding, gliding on below.

3

But the breezes stop their play,
In the golden sunset light,
And the shadows creep away
In the forest out of sight,
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night,
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night.

2

Il s'en allait à la chass',
A la chass' aux z'hannetons;
Quand il fut sur la montagn',
Il partit un coup d'cannon.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

3

Quand il fut sur la montagn',
Il partit un coup d'cannon;
Il en eut si peur tout d'mêm',
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

4

Il en eut si peur d'mêm',
Qu'il tomba sus ses talons;
Tout's les dames du villag
Lui portèrent des bonbons.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

5

Tout's les dames du villag'
Lui portèrent des bonbons.
Je vous remerci', mesdams,
De vous et de vos bonbons.
Et ti ton tain', etc.

56. Cock-a-doodle-doo

English Folk-song

Gaily

mf

1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has lost her
2. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! What is my dame to
3. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has found her

shoe, My mas - ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And
do? Till mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, She'll
shoe, And mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, Sing

doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do, And
dance with - out her shoe, She'll dance with - out her shoe, She'll
doo - dle - doo - dle - doo! Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo, Sing

doesn't know what to do; My mas - ter's lost his
dance with - out her shoe; Till mas - ter's found his
doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; And mas - ter's found his

poco rit.

fid - dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.
fid - dling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.
fid - dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo!

57. The Mail-box

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

Moderately fast

mp

1. The let - ters come all day to the mail - box
2. All in the dark they lie for an hour or
3. To coun - tries far a - way shall these let - ters

bright, Like pi - geons to the house where they sleep at night.
more, Un - til the post - man comes to un - lock the door;
go; Here's one must take a jour - ney to Mex - i - co;

mf

Lift the lid and in they go, Down to join their
Out they hur - ry in a flock; Click be - hind them
That one goes to far Ja - pan, This one goes to

poco rit.

mates be - low; Each one goes tum - bling in and is lost to sight.
goes the lock, And now they're off on trav - els the wide world o'er.
Hin - du - stan; To Par - is and to Rome and to To - ki - o.

58. Evening on the River

Richard Compton — German Folk-song

Slowly

mp

1. The riv - er is clear as glass, Just be - fore sun - set, As we
2. Far down in the wa - ters clear See the clouds sail - ing; Some are
3. The bright clouds are fad - ing now, Night is fast com - ing; In the

poco rit.

loos - en Our row - boat And drift a - long shore.
crim - son And ros - y, Some flam - ing with gold.
dark - ness Be - neath us There gleams a bright star.

59. The Old Woman and the Peddler

English Folk-song

With spirit

mp *mf*

1. There was an old — wo - man, as I've heard tell, Fal, lal,
2. There came— by a ped - dler whose name was Stout, Fal, lal,
3. When this— lit - tle wo - man did first a - wake, Fal, lal,

mp

lal lal lal lal la! She— went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,
lal lal lal lal la! He — cut her pet - ti-coats round a - bout,
lal lal lal lal la! She be - gan to shiv - er and be - gan to shake;

mf

Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket as
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet - ti - coats up
Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! She be-gan to won - der, she be -

I've heard say, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!
to her knees, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! Which
gan to cry, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!

poco rit.

She fell a - sleep on the King's high - way, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!
made the old— wo - man to shiv - er and sneeze, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!
"Oh, dear-y me, this can nev - er be I!" Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!

4

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
Fal, lal, etc.
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows [me,
Fal, lal, etc.
And if it be I he will wag his tail,
Fal, lal, etc.
And if it's not I he will bark and wail."
Fal, lal, etc.

5

Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Fal, lal, etc.
Then up got her dog and began to bark,
Fal, lal, etc.
He began to bark, she began to cry,
Fal, lal, etc.
"Deary me, dear! This is none of I!"
Fal, lal, etc.

60. If I were an elfin

Homer H. Harbour — Bohemian Folk-song

Fast

mp

1. If I were a ti - ny elf - in Just as high
2. There I'd watch from out my win - dow Bum - ble - bees
3. Safe from gi - ant toad and spar - row I should keep

poco rit.

As a fly, I should creep in - to a flow - er There to lie.
In the breeze, Buzz-ing by a - mong the grass - es Tall as trees.
Hid - den deep, Till the sum - mer wind would rock me Fast a - sleep.

61. The Cuckoo

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

Moderately fast

mp

1. The cuck - oo is a sau - cy bird, and
2. The rob - in and the o - ri - ole oft

will not hold her tongue; The cuck - oo is a gad - a - bout, and
scold her to her face;— They tell her faults to all the wood, and

cares not for her young; She quar - rels long and nois - i - ly, And
pub - lish her dis - grace; Yet not a sin - gle whit cares she, But

mf *poco rit.*

chat - ters out in ev - 'ry tree, Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! —
chir - rups at them sau - ci - ly, Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! —

62. The Lamps of Night

Homer H. Harbour — English Melody

Slowly

p

1. When eve - ning comes, and it's grow - ing dark, I——
2. And— one by one in the build - ings high The—
3. And— o - ver - head in the qui - et skies, The—

watch from out my room, Like— chains of gold - en
win - dows blaze with light, Un - til like tow - ers
stars be - gin to show,— The— lamps of God that

poco rit.

beads a - far, The—— street lamps light the gloom.
fill'd with gold They — stand there in the night.
He has set To —— light His world be - low.

63. The Strawberry Girl

Old English Melody

In moderate time

mp

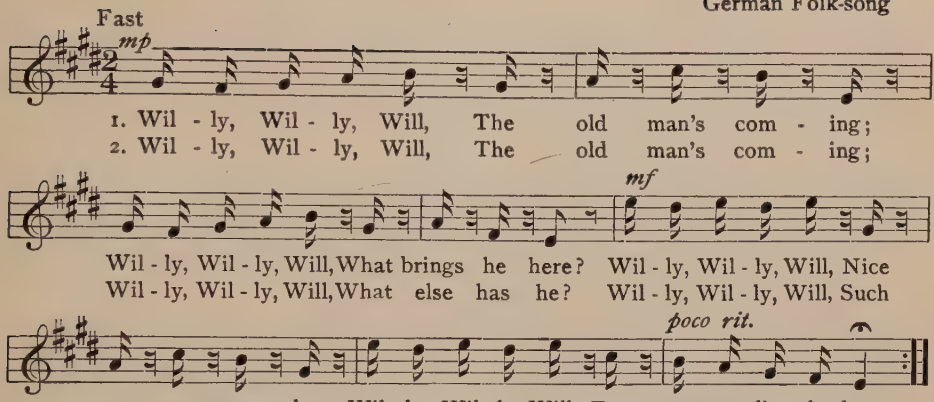
1. Oh, is it not a — pleas-ant thing To— wan - der thro' the woods? To
2. To sit with - in the— deep cool shade, At— some tall ash-tree's root; To
3. I sigh when first I—— see the leaves Fall,—yel - low on the plain; And

poco rit.

look up - on the— paint - ed flow'rs, And watch the— op - 'ning buds.
fill my lit - tle — bas - ket— with The sweet and scent - ed fruit.
all the win - ter — long I — sing, "Sweet Sum - mer, come a - gain!"

64. The Old Man

German Folk-song



3

Willy, Willy, Will,
What more I wonder?
Willy, Willy, Will,
A good stout cane;
Willy, Willy, Will,
Some little boy's been crying,
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'd best not cry again.

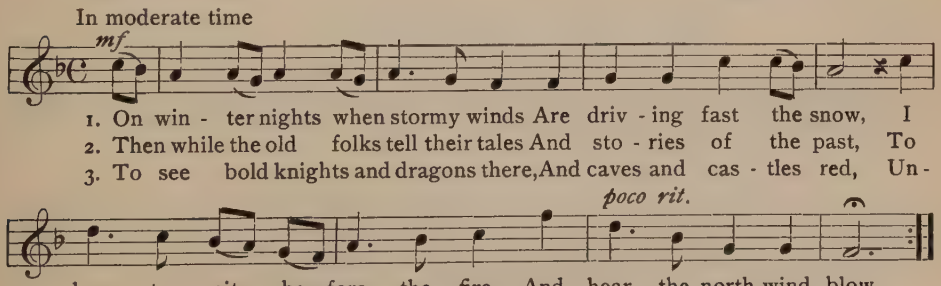
4

Willy, Willy, Will,
My Will's a darling;
Willy, Willy, Will,
Ne'er cries, he'll find;
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'll keep his caning,
Willy, Willy, Will,
For boys who do not mind.

65. In the Firelight

Homer H. Harbour

English Folk-song



66. Robin-a-Thrush

With swinging rhythm — English Folk-song

mf

1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a
2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf, With a

hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now; She proved to be the
hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now; And it nev - er was turned till it

plague of his life, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,
turned of it - self, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,

poco rit.

ruf - fe - ty pet - ti - coat, Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow, now!

3

It turn'd and turn'd till it walk'd on the floor,
With a hoppety, moppety, mow, now;
It stood upon legs and walk'd to the door,
With hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4

It walk'd till it came to Banbury Fair,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;
The dame follow'd after upon a grey mare
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

5

This song it was made for gentlemen,
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;
If you want any more you must sing it again,
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

67. Echo Song

John Erwin
With spirit

German Folk-song

mf

1. Have you ev - er heard an ech - o clear?
2. Some - times in the wood the ech - oes hide;
3. In an emp - ty house are ech - oes found,

f

Lis - ten as we sing and you shall hear; Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o!
Shout, and they shout back from ev - 'ry side; Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o!
Just like sol - emn voic - es un - der - ground; Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo!

pp (Echo) *f poco rit.*

Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o! Sing with good cheer!
Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o! Shout far— and— wide!
Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo! How sad— they— sound!

68. Where are you going to?

Old Song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you go - ing to,
2. "May I go with you, my pret - ty maid? May I go with you,

my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

mf *poco rit.*

"Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.
"Sir," she said, "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said.

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody ask'd you, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Nobody ask'd you, Sir," she said.

69. The Apple-tree House

Richard Compton — German Melody

Moderately slowly

mp

1. The ap - ple - tree is cov - er'd with blos - soms of —
2. We make be - lieve we're In - dians, a - hid - ing all —

pink, With the branch - es all a - round it bent down to the
day; And we lie there on our cush - ions of grass soft as

poco rit.

grass - tops; Un - der - neath it we have made us our Ap - ple - tree House.
vel - vet; Watching birds that come to see us in Ap - ple - tree House.

70. Planting a Garden

Richard Compton — Flemish Melody

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. Your rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row bring; Let's
2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you go; Now

plant us a gar - den this morn - ing in spring;
rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.

mf

Dig lit - tle trench - es, pull out all the weeds;
Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!

poco rit.

Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.
Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.

71. On a frosty morning

John Erwin

French Folk-song

With spirit

mp

1. Pat - ter go the nuts on a frost - y
2. Mis - ter Squir - rel lives in a hol - low

morn - ing, Fall - ing from the trees to the ground be -
ma - ple; Win - dow there is none, and but one small

mf

low; Here's Mis - ter Squir - rel, hop! hop! hop! Pick - ing them
door; Time aft - er time fast home he hops, In - to his

up as — fast they drop; Pack-ing them a - way for his food in
door the nuts he drops; Who do you sup - pose is in - side to

poco rit.

win - ter, When the woods and fields will be white with snow.
meet him? Moth - er Squir - rel gray and her chil - dren four.

72. Early one morning

Nathan Haskell Dole — English Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en, I heard a
2. One Au-tumn aft - er-noon, just as the sun was set - ting, I heard a

blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing, "South winds are blow - ing,
blue - bird on a tree pipe a song, "Fare - well! we're go - ing;

poco rit.

Green grass is grow - ing,— We come to her - ald the mer - ry Spring."
Cold winds are blow - ing; But we'll be back when the days grow long."

73. November

Homer H. Harbour — Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly

p

1. Gone are the swal - lows from field and hill;
2. With - er'd and gone are the clo - vers red;

Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still; Woods are bare
Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead; As - ters blue,

Ev - 'ry - where; Loud cries the blue - jay be - hind the mill, Where the dry
Pop - pies, too; Soon o'er the fields win - ter winds will spread Drifts of snow

poco rit.

Dead leaves lie; Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still.
High and low; Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead.

74. The Robin

Old Song

In moderate time

mp

1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A
2. His wings he was spread - ing to soar far a - way, Then

sweet lit - tle rob - in, he came there to sing; The tune that he sang, it was
rest - ing a moment, seemed sweetly to say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py the

poco rit.

pret - ti - er far Than a - ny I heard on the flute or gui - tar.
world seems to be; A - wake, dear - est child, and be hap - py with me."

75. The Chickadee

May Morgan

German Folk-song

Fast

mp

1. Trees are bare ev - 'ry where, Snows are deep and skies are gray;
2. Jol - ly chap with a cap Soft - as vel - vet, black as night;

Yet one bird may be heard On the cold - est day.
He's so gay, Qua - ker gray Does not suit him quite.

cresc.

Ask his name and he'll re - ply, Cock - ing up a
Most un - like his so - ber coat Is his bright and

mf *poco rit.*

ro - guish eye, "Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee - dee."
cheer - y note, "Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee - dee."

76. The Holiday

Nathan Haskell Dole — Old French Song

With spirit

mp

1. One morn - ing ear - ly, Fra - grant was the air; The dew - drops
2. 'Twas per - fect weath - er For an out - ing gay; We rode to -

pearl - y Spar-kled ev - 'ry - where, And light clouds curl - y Prom-is'd t'would be
geth - er On the load of hay,— In such high feath - er, Sing-ing all the

mf *poco rit.*

fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.
way, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.

3

The pine grove shaded
  Rustic seats and swings;
The small boys waded,
  Tried their swimming wings;
The young girls aided
  With the picnic things.
Tra la la la, etc.

4

And when day ended
  With the homeward ride,
Our voices blended
  As the sunset died;
The full moon splendid
  All things glorified.
Tra la la la, etc.

77. The Farmer

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

mp

1. The farm - er on the low - land Ev - er pac - es to and fro, Sow - ing
2. The farm - er on the low - land Ev - er pac - es to and fro, Reap - ing

bar - ley in the spring - time, Ev - er hop - ing it will grow; Sow - ing
bar - ley in the au - tumn, Leav - ing stacks all in a row; Reap - ing

bar - ley as he pac - es, In the spring - time of the year; When the
bar - ley as he pac - es, In the au - tumn of the year; When the

poco rit.

fruit - trees are in blos - som, Sow - ing bar - ley far and near.
grain is ripe and gold - en, Reap - ing bar - ley far and near.

78. Lullaby

Richard Compton

Scotch Folk-song

Slowly

pp

1. Hush - a - by ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing, Go to sleep,
2. Warm in their wool - ly folds lamb - kins are rest - ing, Soft in their

go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing; Sleep till the dew on the
sway - ing beds wee birds are nest - ing; All the dark night in your

poco rit.

grass - es is wink - ing, Sleep till the morn - ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.
cra - dle lie dream - ing 'Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.

79. The Little Ship

With swinging rhythm — English Folk-song

mp

1. I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the
2. The four and twen - ty sail - ors That stood be - tween the

sea!— And, oh, it was all lad - en With pret - ty things for
decks, Were four and twen - ty white mice With chains a - bout their

thee! — There were com - fits in the cab - in And
necks;— The cap - tain was a lit - tle duck With a

ap - ples in —— the hold, And the spread - ing sails were
pack - et on—— his back, And—— when the ship be -

poco rit.

made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.——
gan to move, The cap - tain cried, "Quack! Quack!"

80. The Merry-go-round

Dame Tartine

Homer H. Harbour — French Folk-song

Fast

mf

1. Round and round on gal - lop - ing hors - es, Round and round on bil - ly - goats white, Boys and girls are hap - pi - ly rid - ing, Laugh - ing loud with mer - ry de - light; With mu - si - cal sound the mer - ry - go-round, The mer - ry - go-round is whirl - ing a - round.

1. Il é - tait un' da - me Tar - ti - ne, Dans un beau pa - lais de beurr' frais, Les mu - raill's é - taient de fa - ri - ne, Le par - quet é - tait de cro - quets, Sa chambre à cou - cher E - taient d'é - chau-dés, Son lit de bis - cuit: C'est fort bon la nuit.

2

Side by side go lions and tigers,
Tall giraffes and long-legg'd cranes;
Ev'ry one is wearing a saddle;
Ev'ry one has beautiful reins.
With musical sound the merry-go-round,
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

3

We can choose whichever we want to,
When our turn for riding is here;
I think I shall go on a tiger;
Don't you want to ride on a deer?
With musical sound the merry-go-round,
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

2

Quand ell' s'en allait à la ville.
Elle avait un petit bonnet;
Les rubans étaient de pastille
Et le fond de bon raisiné;
Sa petit' carriole
Était d'croquignole;
Ses petits chevaux
Étaient d'pâtés chauds.

81. Old King Cole

With spirit — Old Song

mf

Old King Cole was a mer - ry old— soul, And a

mer - ry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, And he

call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid - dlers three. Ev - 'ry fid - dler

had a fid - dle fine, A ver - y fine fid - dle had he; Then

poco rit.

twee - dle - dee went the fid - dlers three, And so mer - ry we— will— be.

82. Butterflies

Girofle, girofla

English words by Nathan Haskell Dole — French Folk-song

Moderately fast

mp

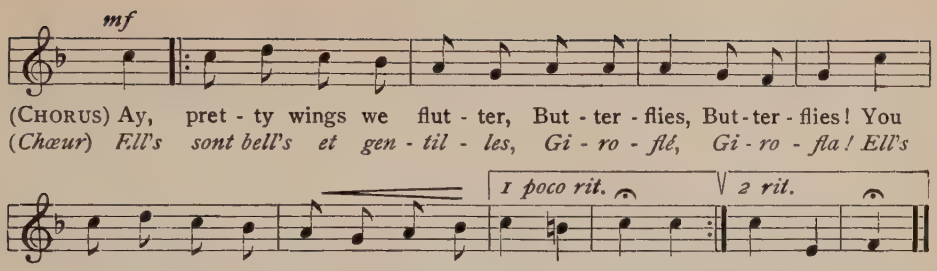
(SOLO) 1. What pret - ty wings you flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! Please

(*Solo*) *1. Que t'as de bel - les fil - les, Gi - ro - flé, Gi - ro - fla! Que*

1 2

take me up there with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!

t'as de bel - les fil - les, L'a-mour m'y comp - t'ra. Que m'y comp - t'ra.



(CHORUS) Ay, pret - ty wings we flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! You have no wings to float on—No, you can - not rise! Ay, can - not rise!

(*Chœur*) *Ell's sont bell's et gen - til - les, Gi - ro - flé, Gi - ro - fla! Ell's sont bell's et gen - til - les, L'a-mour m'y comp - t'ra. Ell's m'y comp - t'ra!*

2

(SOLO) ‖: What lovely things you look at,
Butterflies, Butterflies!
Bright flow'rs and trees you look at
When you sail the skies. :‖

(ALL) ‖: Ay, lovely things we look at,
Butterflies, Butterflies,
Yet you see more than we see—
You have bigger eyes! :‖

2

(*Solo*) ‖: *Donne-moi-z'en donc une,*
Giroflé, girofla:
Donne-moi-z'en donc une,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(*Chœur*) ‖: *Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,*
Giroflé, girofla:
Pas seul'ment le queue d'une,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

3

(*Solo*) ‖: *J'irai au bois seulette,*
Giroflé, girofla:
J'irai au bois seulette,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(*Chœur*) ‖: *Si le roi t'y rencontre?*
Giroflé, girofla:
Si le roi t'y rencontre?
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

4

(*Solo*) ‖: *J'lui f'rai trois révérences,*
Giroflé, girofla:
J'lui f'rai trois révérences,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(*Chœur*) ‖: *Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?*
Giroflé, girofla:
Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

(*Solo*) ‖: *Je lui ferai les cornes,*
Giroflé, girofla,
Je lui ferai les cornes,
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :‖

83. Ladybird

German Folk-song

Slowly

p

1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy - bird, rest a - while, Come rest a -
2. Poor lit - tle la - dy - bird, fly a - way, Thy home's on
3. Dear lit - tle la - dy - bird, pray re - turn To me once

while up - on my hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee
fire,— thy children all— In pit-eous tones are cry - ing; The cru - el
more, to me once more; The sky is bright a - bove thee; Thy house is

mp

well and set thee free, If— thy bright wings thou'lt spread for
spi - der lin - gers here, Fly,— fly a - way, or much I
safe, thy chil - dren well, So— thou can'st all thy fears dis -

poco rit.

me; Those wings, those love - ly wings de - light me.—
fear Thou'lt find,— thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - ing.—
pel; And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.—

84. The Swallows

Le furet du bois joli

Homer H. Harbour

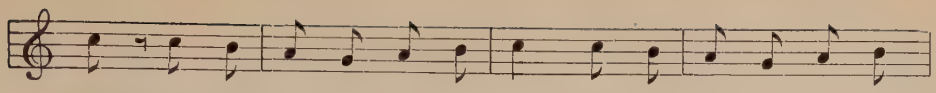
Old French Song

Fast

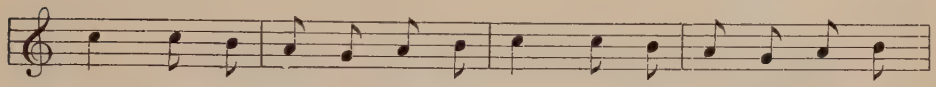
mp

1. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum - mer sun is
1. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois, mes

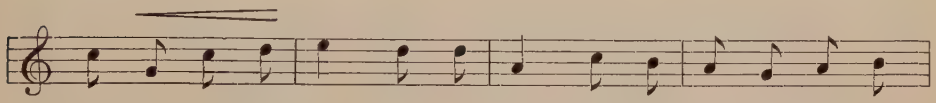
high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac - ing, chas - ing with the
dam's, Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois jo -



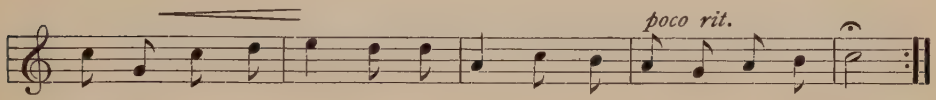
breeze. Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they
li. Il a pas-sé par i-ci; Le fu-ret du bois mes



go; Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they
dam's, Il a pas-sé par i-ci, Le fu-ret du bois jo-



go. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is
li. Il court, il court, le fu-ret, le fu-ret du bois mes



high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing, chas-ing with the breeze.
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu-ret, le fu-ret du bois jo-li.

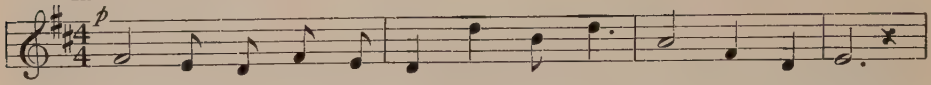
2

The swallows fly swift and high,
Darting after moth or fly;
The swallows fly here and there,
Sailing, circling everywhere.
Dropping down a drink to take,
Ripples in the pond they make;
Dropping down a drink to take,
Ripples in the pond they make.
The swallows fly swift and high,
Darting after moth or fly;
The swallows fly here and there,
Sailing, circling everywhere.

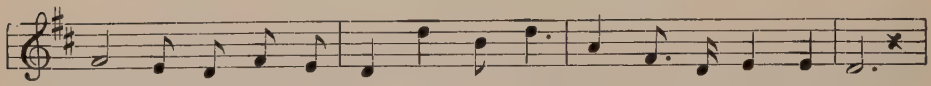
85. The old folks at home

Adapted from Stephen Foster — Stephen Foster

In moderate time

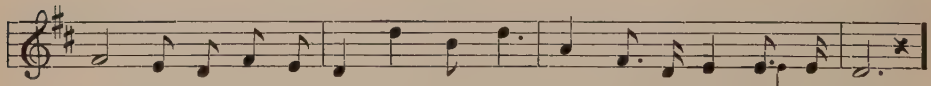


1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

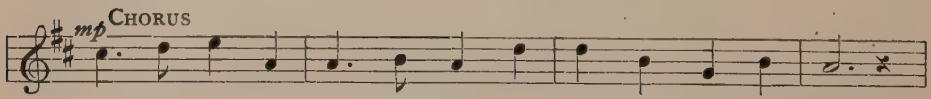


There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
Then ma - ny hap - py days I squan-der'd, Ma - ny the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

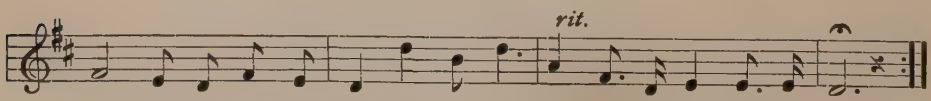
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,
When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming, All 'round the comb?



Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die!
When shall I hear the ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



Oh, how my heart grows sad and wea - ry! Far from the old folks at home.

86. Oh, come, all ye faithful

Adeste fideles

Translated from the Latin by F. Oakeley — J. Reading

With dignity

mf

1. Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, Oh,
1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes; Ve -

come ye, oh, come— ye to Beth - - le - hem;
ni - te, ve - ni - - te in Beth - - le - hem;

Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of An - gels;
Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - to - rum;

mp After each verse

Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a -
Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do -

mf cresc. *rit.*

dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Our God— and King.
re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus,— Do - mi - num.

2

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest;
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

2

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Venite adoremus, etc.

3

Yea, God, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given.
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

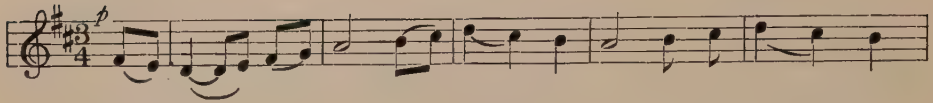
3

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus, etc.

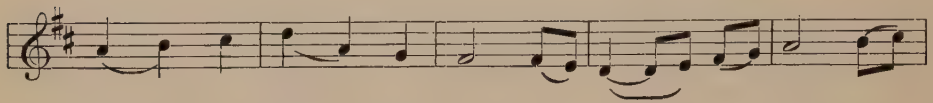
87. The First Noel

Carol

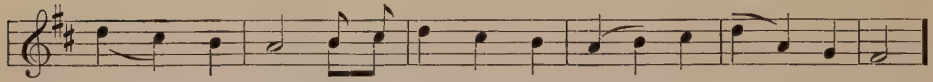
With spirit — Traditional Melody



1. The first— No - el, the An-gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed— up and saw— a Star Shin-ing in —— the

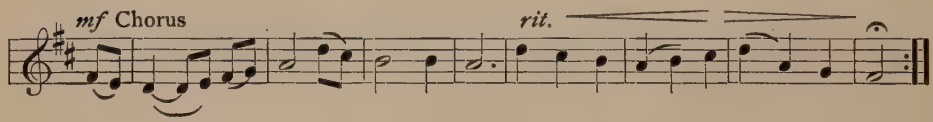


shep-herds in fields as they lay; In— fields —— where they lay—
East,— be - yond— them far, And to —— the earth it —



keep - ing their sheep On a cold win - ter's night that was— so deep.
gave— great light, And— so it con - tin - ued both day— and night.

mf Chorus — *rit.*



No - el,—— No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

3

And by the light of that same Star
Three Wisemen came from country far,
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Noel, Noel, etc.

4

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,
Over Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Noel, Noel, etc.

5

Then enter'd in, those Wisemen three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offer'd there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, etc.

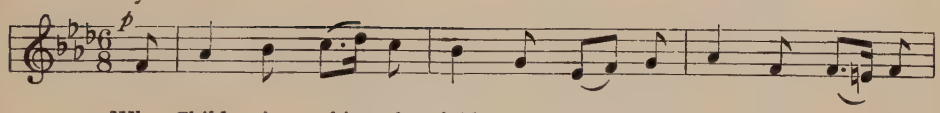
6

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heav'nly Lord,
That hath made Heav'n and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Noel, Noel, etc.

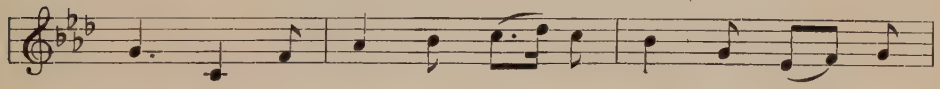
88. What Child is this?

Carol

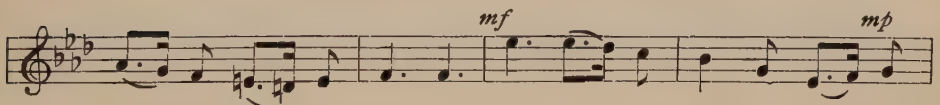
Old English Melody



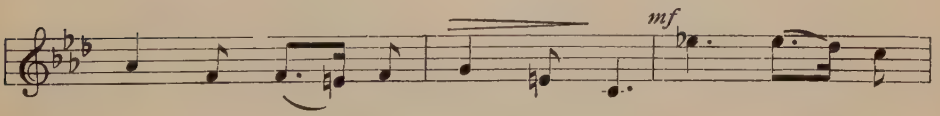
1. What Child is this who, laid to rest,—On Ma - ry's lap—is
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peas - ant, king to



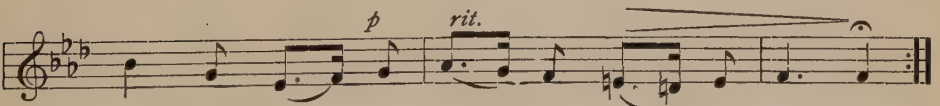
sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While
own Him; The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let



shep-herds watch are keep - ing? This, this is Christ the King, Whom
lov - ing hearts en - throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high; The



shep - herds guard,—and an - gels sing: Haste, haste— to
Vir - gin sings— her lull - a - by: Joy, joy,— for



bring Him laud,— The Babe,— the Son— of Ma - ry.
Christ is born,— The Babe,— the Son— of Ma - ry.

89. Happy New Year

Semons la salade

John Erwin
With spirit

French Folk-song

mf

1. To all peo - ple in the world this day New Year's greet - ings we send on their way, New Year, New Year,

1. Se - mons, se - mons la sa - la - de, Le jar - di - nier est ma - la - de, Se - mons, Se - mons,

f

poco rit.

Wish you hap - py New Year! Here at home, or liv - ing far a - way.

Dans huit jours ell' pous - se - ra, Dans trois se - main's on la ver - ra.

2

Sailors sailing in their ships at sea,
Soldiers all wherever you may be,—
New Year, New Year,
Wish you happy New Year!
May your New Year very joyful be!

3

Miners digging underneath the ground,
Workmen toiling where the wheels turn round,—
New Year, New Year,
Wish you happy New Year!
Ev'rybody all the world around.

2

Coupons, coupons la salade,
Le jardinier est malade,
Coupons, coupons,
Filles et vaillants picards
Dans trois semain's il s'ra trop tard.

3

Mangeons, mangeons la salade,
La jardinière est malade,
Mangeons, mangeons,
Et les grands et les petits
Mangeons à notre appétit.

90. St. Valentine's Day

Le roi d'Yvetot

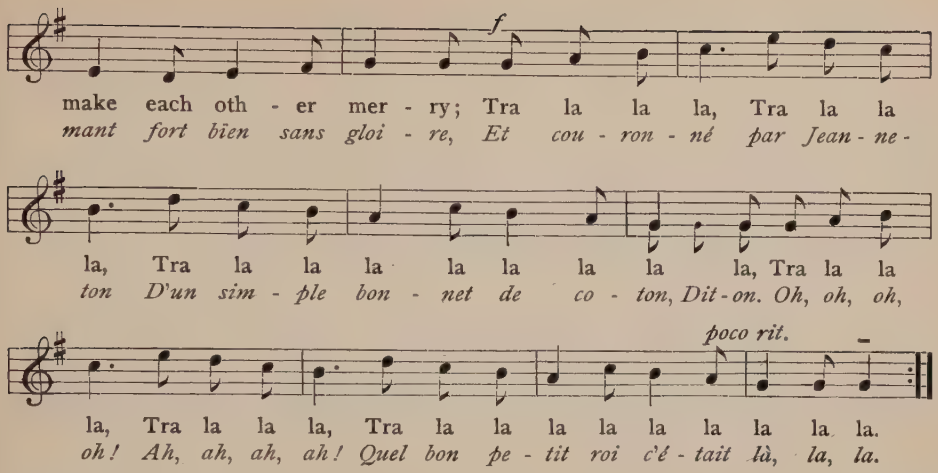
Richard Compton
With spirit

French Folk-song

mf

1. A - mong the win - ter's hap - py days Comes one in Feb - ru - a - ry, When old and young send val - en - tines To

1. Il é - tait un roi d'Y - ve - tot Peu con - nu dans l'his - toi - re; Se le - vant tard, se con - chant tôt, Dor-



2

Shop windows full of valentines
Look just like gardens growing,
With white and red and pink and blue
And gold and silver glowing.
Tra la la la, etc.

2

Il faisait ses quatre repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh, oh, oh, oh! ah, ah, ah, ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

4

Il n'agrandit point ses États,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple, qui l'enterra,
Pleura.
Oh, oh, oh, oh! ah, ah, ah, ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La, la.

91. Evacuation Day

John Erwin — German Folk-song

With spirit

mf

1. A song of Bos - ton sing to - day, In
2. A king who lived a - cross the sea Once
3. To Bos - ton from all na - tions throng The

praise of our great cit - y; So beau - ti - ful up -
ruled us with his sol - diers; But men of Bos - ton
peo - ple who love free - dom; O no - ble cit - y,

poco rit.

on her hills, Be - side the blue wide - spread - ing bay.
drove them out, And made our coun - try ev - er free.
beau - ti - ful, Our home be - lov - ed, great and strong.

92. On Easter Day

John Erwin — Old Melody

In moderate time

mf

1. On East - er Day, as I — was go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds were
2. And with the dis - tant church-bells' ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren
3. I wish'd the song might last for - ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard I

poco rit.

blow - ing; Far a - way the church-bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang.
sing - ing, Sweet as an - gels heard a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!—
nev - er; Borne a - cross the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!—

93. April Vacation

John Erwin — English Melody

Fast

mf

1. Va - ca - tion - time has come with the warm spring days,—
2. Our pa - pers and our books we shall put a - way,—

Sing with a Ho! all to - geth - er! The fields are turn - ing green in the
Sing with a Ho! all to - geth - er! We'll have a jol - ly week full of

poco rit.

sun's— warm— rays, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.
fun — and — play, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.

94. Memorial Day

Richard Compton — Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly

mf

1. March - ing proud - ly, March - ing proud - ly, Went our sol - diers
2. Star - ry ban - ner, Star - ry ban - ner, Proud - ly fly - ing
3. Ev - er bright - ly, Ev - er bright - ly, Let our flag wave

out to fight in bat - tle; Now they lie be - neath the
o - ver all the cit - y; 'Twas for you men fought so
o'er the sleep - ing sol - diers; Flag of our be - lov - ed

mp rit.

flow - ers, Now they lie be - neath the flow - ers.
brave - ly, 'Twas for you men fought so brave - ly.
coun - try, Flag of our be - lov - ed coun - try.

95. Our Country

Homer H. Harbour — Old Song

In march time

mf

1. From ev - 'ry land and na - tion A - round this world so wide, To our great coun - try men have come To work and strive, and make a home, As broth-ers side by side, As broth - ers side by — side.

2. O dear and love - ly coun - try That spreads from sea to sea, To you we pledge our hearts to - day, To you we pledge our lives for aye; O na - tion of the free! O na - tion of the — free!

rit.

96. All through the night

Welsh Air

Slowly

pp

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night; Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep - ing, I my lov - ing watch am keeping, All thro' the night.

2. Moth - er dear is close be - side thee, All thro' the night, Watch - ing that no harm be - tide thee, All thro' the night; Thro' the o - pen win - dow stream - ing, Moon - light on the floor is gleam-ing, While my ba - by lies a-dreaming, All thro' the night.

rit.

97. Slumber Song

John Erwin
Slowly

German Melody

pp

1. Hush - a - by, and good - night, In the sky stars are
2. Hush - a - by, have no fear; Lit - tle an - gels are

bright, While ros - es in — bloom Fill with fra - grance the
near; — Their watch they will— keep While my ba - by's a -

p

room. With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a -
sleep; Dream the dark night a - way 'Till God's sun brings the

poco rit.

gain; With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a - gain.
day; Dream the dark night a - way 'Till God's sun brings the day.

98. The Wild Rose

German Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild-rose grow - ing; There so fresh and
2. Said the boy," I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est grow - ing." Said the rose," I'll
3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est grow - ing; From his hand the

bright it lay, He would bear the prize a - way In its beau - ty
sting, I vow, Make thee think of me, I trow, When thy tears are
red blood flows, All his tears, full well he knows, Can - not stay its

poco rit.

glow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.
flow - ing." Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.
flow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.

99. The Merry Sportsman

German Folk-song

Fast

mf

1. The sports-man hies him thro' the wood And glad - ly seeks his
2. "My lit - tle dog is ev - er near When thro' the leaf - y

home a - gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With
glades I — roam; My heart beats high When he is nigh, My

dog and gun, But birds not one! For no — sport, for
heart beats high When he is nigh; To guard me, to

poco rit.

no — sport, No sport he's had since day's— be - gun.
guard me, Or guide me on in safe - ty home."

100. The Trolley Ride

Homer H. Harbour

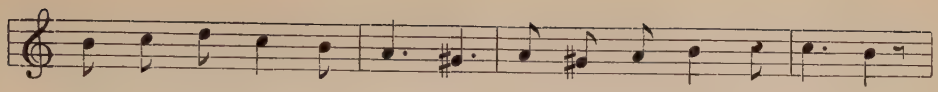
French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

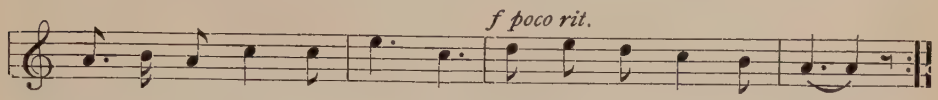
mf

1. Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come for a ride with me!—
2. Boys on the riv - er row - ing, Mo - tor - boats in the bay,—

Come for a spin so jol - ly, Won - der - ful sights to see,—
Men in the mead - ows mow - ing, Toss - ing the fra - grant hay,—



Church-es and stores and tow - ers, Gar - dens of love - ly flow - ers,
Clouds through the sky are chas - ing, Au - to - mo - biles a - rac - ing;

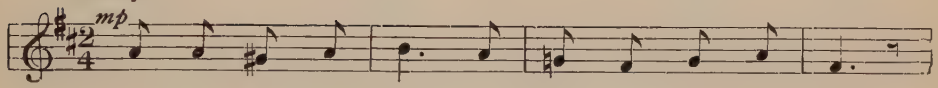


Bridg - es and shin - ing sail - boats,—Come for a ride with me!—
Here is the o - pen trol - ley,— Come, let us ride a - way!—

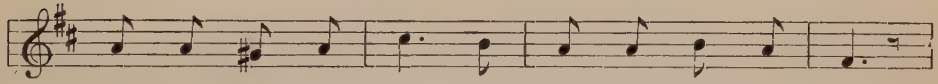
101. Autumn Song

John Erwin — Bohemian Folk-song

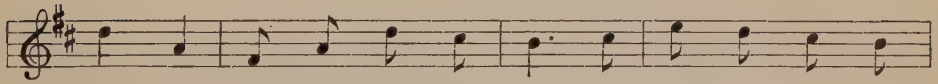
Slowly



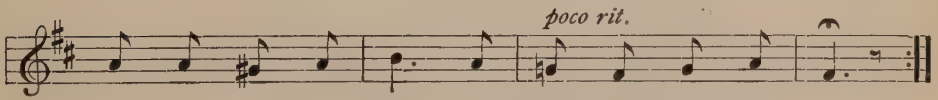
1. From the bough o'er - head The leaves are float - ing down;
2. Some fall in the street, And some fall on the grass;
3. Some are raked in piles And burn'd by leap - ing fire;



Some are flam - ing red, And some are with - er'd brown;
Some the chil - dren's feet Send fly - ing as they pass;
Some are blown for miles By winds that nev - er tire;



Slow they flut - ter thro' the air, And sail - ing, spin - ning,
Some lie in the gut - ters wide And, when it rains, sail
Some lie thro' long win - ter hours As cov - ers for the



sink - ing to the ground, Lie scat - ter'd ev - 'ry - where.
off like fair - y boats A - down the rush - ing tide.
sleep - ing lit - tle seeds Be - fore they wake to flowers.

102. A frog he would a-wooing go

With swinging rhythm — English Folk-song

mp — *mf*

1. A frog he would a - woo - ing go, } Heigh-ho, says Ro - ley.——
2. So off he set with his op - 'ra hat, }

A frog he would— a - woo - ing go,——
So off he set with his op - 'ra hat, And

mf

Wheth - er his moth - er would let him or no. } With a Ro - ley, Po - ley,
on the way— he met with a rat. }

f — *poco rit.*

Gam - mon and Spin - ach, Heigh - ho, Says An - tho - ny Ro - ley.

3

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call.
With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

4

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh, yes, sir, here I sit and spin."
With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

5

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,
Heigh-ho, says Roley.
Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,
All smartly dress'd in a russet gown.
With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

6

She had not been sitting long to spin,
  Heigh-ho, says Roley,
She had not been sitting long to spin,
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.
  With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
  Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

7

The cat seized Master Rat by the crown,
  Heigh-ho, says Roley.
The cat seized Master Rat by the crown,
The kittens pulled Mrs. Mousey down.
  With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
  Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

8

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
  Heigh-ho, says Roley.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
He took up his hat and he wish'd them "Good-night.
  With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
  Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

9

And as he was passing over the brook.
  Heigh-ho, says Roley.
And as he was passing over the brook,
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.
  With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
  Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

10

So there's an end of one, two, three,
  Heigh-ho, says Roley.
So there's an end of one, two, three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy.
  With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
  Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

103. A Sailing Song

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mf

1. The o - cean winds are blow - ing; The rap - id tide is
2. The waves be - fore us curl - ing Are soon be - hind us

flow - ing; Come let us go a - sail - ing A-down the bay so blue! A
whirl-ing; We leave a white track foaming That soon fades out of sight. A

der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A
der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A

poco rit.

der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, The sea springs up—be - fore.
der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, The sea springs up—be - fore.

104. Bobbie Shaftoe

Homer H. Harbour — English Melody

Moderately fast

mp

1. Bob - bie Shaf-toe's one year old, Bob - bie's eyes are bright as gold,
2. Bob - bie Shaf-toe's black and white; When it's dark his eyes are bright,

And his nose both pink and cold,—Lit - tle Bob - bie Shaf - toe!
Like two lamps set in the night, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!

On the rug he loves to doze; Then he wakes and off he goes,
Bob - bie's ver - y fond of fun; Round and round he'll frisk and run;

poco rit.

Step - ping on his cush - ion toes, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!
Now, I ask you, ev - 'ry - one, What is Bob - bie Shaf - toe?

105. Moon Song

Homer H. Harbour — Bohemian Folk-song

In moderate time

p

1. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky sail - ing, What do you
2. Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of flow - ers, Turn'd in - to

see when you look down be - low? Snow - cov - er'd moun-tains,
sil - ver be - neath your clear light; Ships on the o - cean,

mp

Pal - a - ces, foun - tains. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky
Wind - mills in mo - tion, Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of

poco rit.

sail - ing, What do you see when you look down be - low?
flow - ers, Turn'd in - to sil - ver be - neath your clear light.

106. Swing Song

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. Oh, swinging and swinging be-neath our — old tree, Oh, swinging and
2. Oh, swinging and swinging, the leaves dance o'er head; Oh, swinging and

swinging is gay sport for — me; Then swing me high And let me fly As
swinging o'er green grass out-spread; Then up a - gain, And up a - gain As

mf *poco rit.*

high as can be; Oh, swinging and swinging is gay sport for me.
high as can be; Oh, swinging and swinging is gay sport for me

107. The Meeting of the Waters

Thomas Moore — Irish Air

Slowly

mp

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
2. Sweet— vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy

vale in whose bos-om the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of feel - ing and
bos-om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

poco rit.

fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart!
min-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min - gled in peace.

108. Song of the Sea-gull

Homer H. Harbour — Irish Air

Slowly

mf

1. All day— long o'er the o - cean I fly, My
2. All night long in my rock home I rest; A -

white wings beat - ing fast thro' the sky; I hunt fish - es
way— up - on a cliff is my nest; The waves mur - mur,

poco rit.

all—down the bay, And ride on rock - ing bil - lows in play.
mur - mur be - low, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

109. The Elves' Dance

Homer H. Harbour

Portuguese Folk-song

Fast

mp

1. Oh, as I was out a - walk - ing in the
2. They were fun - ny lit - tle fel - lows with long
3. All at once I stepp'd up - on a twig that

wood, one night in June, I came out up - on an
beards as white as snow, And each wore a scar - let,
crac - kled where I stood; Like a flash the troop of

o - pen place dim light - ed by the moon; And with -
point - ed cap with tin - kling bells be - low; To the
ti - ny men slipp'd off in - to the wood; And as

in the mist - y cir - cle was a troop of lit - tle men, Danc - ing
mu - sic made by ka - ty - dids and crick - ets in the night They were
far and far - ther yet they went I heard the mu - sic fade, Dy - ing

poco rit.

ring - a - round, and ring - a - round, and ring - a - round a - gain.
ca - per - ing and scam - per - ing and pranc - ing with de - light.
air - i - ly and fair - i - ly to si - lence in the glade.

110. A Song for Sailors and Soldiers

John Erwin

English Folk-song

With spirit

mf

1. Give three long cheers — for sail - ors
2. Give three long cheers — for sol - diers

mf

on — the sea, — Give three long, loud cheers,
march - ing by, — Give three long, loud cheers,

f

loud— as loud— can be! — Thro' wind and tide Their
wave— your flags— on high! — By — day or night They

f

ships they guide To guard our shores from dan - ger; Brave
march and fight To save— our homes from dan - ger; Brave

poco rit.

boys in blue,— we trust— our lives— to you. —
boys in brown, who guard old Bos - ton town.—

111. My Garden of Flowers

Homer H. Harbour — English Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. My gar - den I did plant In the first warm days of —
2. In A - pril, daf - fo - dils O - pen'd wide their yel - low

spring - time, I tend - ed and wa - ter'd and
flow - ers, While snow - drops and vi - o - lets, and

mf

weed - ed it so well, While the blue birds a - bove did
dan - de - li - ons, too, Blos - som'd bright 'neath the sun and

poco rit.

sing, While the blue - birds a - bove did sing.
show'rs, Blos - som'd bright 'neath the sun and show'rs.

3

In May the tulips blazed
Golden yellow, white and crimson;
And lilacs their clusters of lavender hung out,
With their perfume of rare delight,
With their perfume of rare delight.

4

But June the fairest flow'r
Of the summer sent to greet me,
For then in my garden the red, red roses bloom'd,
The red rose that is queen of all,
The red rose that is queen of all.

112. Sunset in the City

Richard Compton

English Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. The sun in the sky sink - ing down to his
2. The cross - es of church - es a - loft in the
3. And now he has tak - en his last gleam a -

rest Is bid - ding the cit - y good - night; — He
sky Are glit - ter - ing bright in his rays, — On
way To coun - tries and cit - ies a - far; — But

looks from his win - dow of clouds in the west, And
win - dows in tow - ers and of - fic - es high He
o - ver the stee - ple where shone his last ray, There

cresc. *mf*

floods all the hous - es with light, with light, — And
shines till they seem all a - blaze, a - blaze, — He —
hangs in the sky a bright star, a star, — There

poco rit.

floods all the hous - es with light. —
shines till they seem all a - blaze. —
hangs in the sky a bright star. —

113. Morning

Tremp' ton pain, Marie

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. Eat your bread, Ma - ry, Eat your bread, Ma - ry,
1. Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie, Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,

Eat your bread and but - ter; Drink your milk, Ma - ry,
Tremp' ton pain dans la sau - ce, Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,

Drink your milk, Ma - ry, Now your break - fast is done.—
Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie, Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.—

mf

Don't be wait - ing here, School-time's get-ting near; You'll be late, Ma - ry,
Nous i - rons di-man-che, A la mai - son blanche Toi - z-en Nan - kin,

If you wait, Ma - ry, Take your books and run!—
Moi - z-en ba - zin, Tous deux en es - car - pins.—

2

Take your spelling book,
Take your spelling book,
  Take your pen and pencil;
Take your reading book,
Take your reading book,
  Now go hurrying fast!
Don't you stop to play,
Keep right on your way!
  Down the street she goes,
  Up the steps she goes,
  Safe in school at last.

114. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls

Thomas Moore — Irish Air

Slowly

mp

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The

soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that

Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

nf

sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

poco rit.

hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

115. Caterpillar! Caterpillar!

Homer H. Harbour — Russian Folk-song

Fast

mp

1. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! You are such a
2. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Keep a - way from
3. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Creep a - way and

pret - ty sight. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!
phoe - be birds; Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!
hide you soon; Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!

Blue and yel - low, black and white. Take care what you do,
Keep a - way from this - tle - birds! Look out what you do,
Spin your - self a gay co - coon. Dark and si - lent lie,

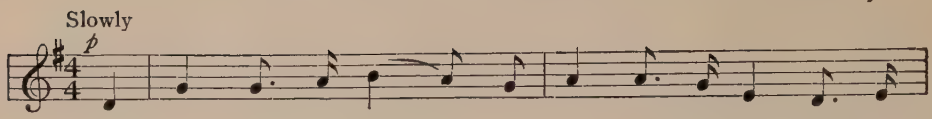
Rob - ins are a - hunt - ing you; Take care
Swal - lows are a - hunt - ing you; Look out
Till you are a but - ter - fly; Dark and

poco rit.

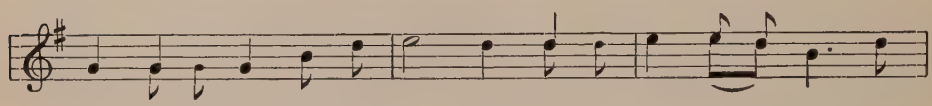
what you do, Spar - rows are a - chas - ing you!
what you do, Finch - es are a - chas - ing you!
si - lent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly.

116. Loch Lomond

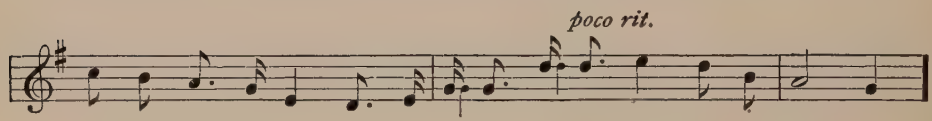
Scotch Melody



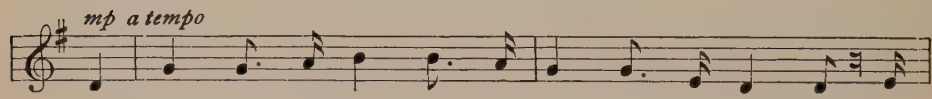
1. By yon bon - nie banks— and yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. I mind where we part - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow - ers spring; And in



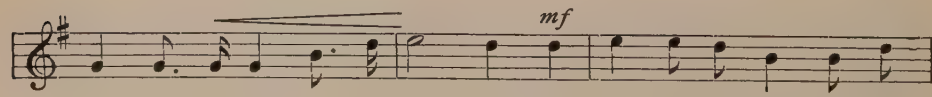
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh, we two have pass'd so
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple— hue the
sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the brok - en — heart it



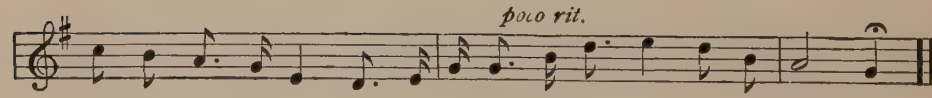
ma - ny blithesome days, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High-land hills we view, And the morn shines out from the gloam - ing.
seeks no sec-ond spring, And the world does not know how we are greet - ing.



Oh, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And



I'll be in Scot - land be - fore you; But I and my true love will



nev - er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

117. A Song of Ships

Homer H. Harbour — English Melody

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. The ships sail the o - cean, The o - cean, the o - cean, Sail
2. With grain - ships and fruit - ships Are coal - ships and oil - ships, And

east - ward and west - ward, And north and south a - way. Great smok - y
white - wing - ed schoon - ers That fly be - fore the breeze. Some car - ry

steam - ers, And tug - boats with barg - es, Sail o'er the
su - gar, And some car - ry spic - es; Some car - ry

mf

o - cean By night and by day. From Eng - land, from Ire - land, From
sol - diers To fight o - ver - seas. To Eng - land, to Ire - land, To

poco rit.

Den - mark, from Nor-way, Ships sail to Bos - ton From lands far a - way.
Den - mark, to Nor-way, Ships sail from Bos - ton To lands o - ver seas.

118. The Lorelei

Heinrich Heine
Tr. by Nathan Haskell Dole

Friedrich Silcher

Slowly

p

1. I know not what means the sad feel - ing That swells with - in — my
2. From yon - der peak there gaz - es A maid - en sweet and
3. The fish - er - man dream - i - ly glid - ing Is caught by the lure— of

breast;— An an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis -
fair; — Her jew - el'd rai - ment blaz - es; She
love;— He sees not the sharp— rocks hid - ing, He

turbs and gives me no rest.— The air— is cool; day is
combs her gold - en hair;— She combs with a comb bright and
sees but the heights far a - bove.— The boat by the bil - lows is

end - ed, And calm - ly flows— the Rhine;— The
gold - en, And sings a thrill - ing lay — A
brok - en, And the gal - lant boat - man is drown'd,— And

poco rit.

moun-tain-tops ris - ing splen - did In twi - light glo - ry shine.—
song that is wild— and old - en To charm a man's heart a - way.—
this is the Witch-maiden's to - ken, When her songs at eve - ning sound.—

119. The Country Farmer's Son

English Folk-song

In march time

mf

1. I would not be a — mon - arch great, With crown up - on my
2. I would not be a — mer - chant rich, And eat off sil - ver

head, And earls to wait up - on my state, In —
plate, And ev - er dread, when laid a - bed, Some

splen - did robes of red. For he must bear full ma - ny a care, His
sud - den turn of fate: One day on high, then ru - in nigh, Now

toil is nev - er done; 'Tis bet - ter, I trow, be - hind the plow, 'Tis —
wealth - y, now un - done; 'Tis bet - ter for me at ease to be, 'Tis —

poco rit.

bet - ter, I trow, be - hind the plow, A coun - try farm - er's son.
bet - ter for me at ease to be — A coun - try farm - er's son.

120. The Sleigh-ride

Homer H. Harbour — Canadian Folk-song

With spirit

mp

1. Ting - a - ling - a - ling go the sleigh - bells sweet, Ting - a - ling - a - ling in the snow - y street; Here comes a sleigh to take us rid - ing, Mer - ri - ly a - long on its run - ners glid - ing; Stops for a mo - ment in the snow, Tum-ble - um - ble in, and then a - way we go!
2. Ting - a - ling - a - ling as we glide a - long, Ting - a - ling - a - ling is the sleigh - bells' song; See how the hors - es pull to - geth - er, Gal - lop - ing a - long in the frost - y weath - er; Trot! go the hoofs with cheer - y sound, Clat-ter, clat - ter, clat - ter, o'er the fro - zen ground.
3. Ting - a - ling - a - ling by the fro - zen lake, Ting - a - ling - a - ling, what a noise we make! All aft - er - noon our bells are tin - kling, With a mer - ry tune till the stars are twin-kling; Back to the cit - y turn we fast; Ting - a - ling - a - ling, and now we're home at last!

mf — *poco rit.*

121. The Light-house

John Erwin — English Folk-song

In moderate time

mp

1. There stands on an is - land all rock - y and bare A — slen - der white tow - er built high in the air; On the rocks all a - round it where white surg-es foam, The wild sea-birds by thousands have found them a home.
2. When twi - light has come at the close of the day, And all the blue o - cean is turn - ing to gray, At the top of this tow - er there shines a great light To send warning to sail - ors who jour-ney by night.
3. When - ev - er they see that light burn - ing a - far, Bright sparkling a - cross the dark waves like a star; Then they know well where dan - ger - ous rocks lie be - low, And all safe on their way o'er the o - cean they go.

poco rit.

122. On a summer day

En passant par la Lorraine

Homer H. Harbour — French Folk-song

With spirit

mp

1. Oh, as I went down to Do - ver, On a sum-mer day;— Oh, as I went down to Do - ver, On a sum - mer day;—— All the air was sweet with clo - ver, Where the farm - er boys were mow - ing In the hay,—— On a sum - mer day.——

1. En pas-sant par la Lor - rai - ne, A - vec mes sa - bots,— En pas - sant par la Lor - rai - ne, A - vec mes sa - bots,—— Ren - con - trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes, A - vec mes sa - bots don - dai - ne, oh, oh, oh! —— A - vec mes sa - bots!——

poco rit.

2

‖: All the air was sweet with clover,
On a summer day; :‖
And the sky was blue all over,
Not a single cloud was sailing,
Far away, on a summer day,

3

‖: Oh, the sky was blue all over,
On a summer day; :‖
And at last I came to Dover
Where the merry bells were ringing
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

2

‖: Ils m'ont appellé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots, :‖
Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

3

‖: Car le prince de Lorraine,
Avec mes sabots, :‖
M'a donné pour mes étrennes
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

4

‖: Un bouquet de marjolaine,
Avec mes sabots, :‖
S'il m'épous' je serai Reine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

123. Shining Wires

Homer H. Harbour — German Folk-song

Slowly

mp

1. Sil - ver wires, high a - bove us, Stretch-ing so far a - way,
2. Voic - es run swift as light - ning O - ver the miles of wire,

Are the roads where our voic - es Jour - ney by night and
Far a - cross plain and moun - tain, Rac - ing with feet of

poco rit.

day, Wher - ev - er we may send them Trav - el - ling on— their way.
fire To take our friends a mes - sage O - ver the sil - ver wire.

124. Home, sweet home

John Howard Payne — Henry Bishop

In moderate time

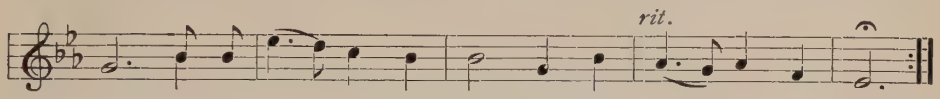
p

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I — gaze on the moon as I tread the dear wild, And
3. An— ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,—

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no — place like home. A
feel— that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she
give— me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The

charm—from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
looks— on that moon from our own— cot - tage door, Thro' the
birds— sing - ing gai - ly, that came— at my call; Give me

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met— with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet
woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet
them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet

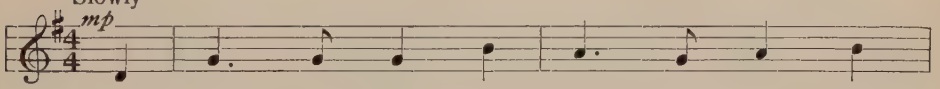


home; Be it ev - er so hum - ble There's no — place like home.
home; There's no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.
home; There's no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.

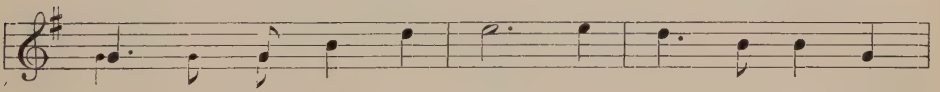
125. Auld lang syne

Robert Burns — Scotch Air

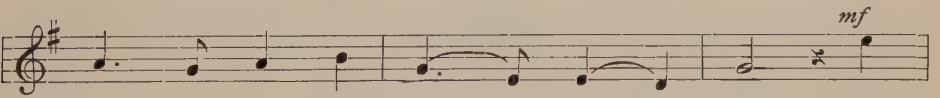
Slowly



1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And
2. And here's a hand, my trust - y friend, And

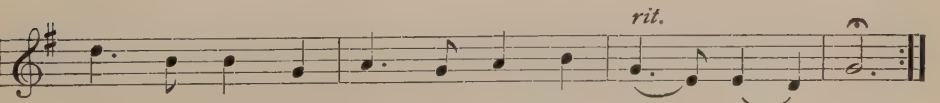


nev - - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance
give us a hand of thine; We'll take a cup of



be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For
kind - ness yet, For auld —— lang —— syne.

auld— lang— syne, my dear, For auld— lang— syne, We'll



take a cup of kind - ness yet, For auld— lang— syne.

126. My old Kentucky home

Words adapted from Stephen Foster — Stephen Foster

mp

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the fields — are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, and hap-py, and bright; By'm-bye, hard times come a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old — cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when faith-ful friends must part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS

p

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

rit.

127. Morning Song

Slowly — English Folk-song

mp

Thou, true God a - lone, Who dost reign a - bove us,— Hear this morn-ing prayer

Which be - gins our day. Thou, up - on Thy throne, Thou dost ev - er

p rit.

love— us, We are in Thy care; — Bless us, we pray.

128. In heavenly love abiding

Anna L. Waring — Johann Wilhelm Hässler

With dignity

p

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright

safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here. The
Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can— I lack. His
skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been. My

storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be
wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er
hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is

rit.

laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?
dim, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
free, My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

129. Good King Wenceslas

Carol

Traditional Melody

With spirit

mp

CHORUS: 1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,
SOLO (KING): 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing,

Where the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
SOLO (PAGE): "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain

poco rit.

When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win - ter fu - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."

3

SOLO (KING):
"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
CHORUS:
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4

SOLO (PAGE):
"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
SOLO (KING):
"Mark my foot-steps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

CHORUS: In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

130. Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!

Carol

E. Cuthbert Nunn

Old French Carol

In moderate time

mp

1. Bring a torch,— Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la!
2. It is wrong when the Child— is sleep - ing,
3. Soft - ly to— the lit - - tle sta - ble,

Bring a torch, to the cra - dle run! It is
It is wrong— to talk— so loud; Si - lence,
Soft - ly for—— a mo - ment come; Look and

Je - sus, good folk of the vil - lage; Christ— is
all, as you gath - er a - round, Lest— your
see—— how charm - ing is Je - sus, How He is

pp

born and Ma - ry's call - ing; Ah, ah! beau - ti - ful
noise should wak - en Je - sus; Hush, hush! see— how
white, His cheeks are ros - y! Hush, hush! see how the

pp *rit.*

is the moth - er! Ah, ah! beau-ti - ful is her Son!—
fast He slum - bers; Hush, hush! see— how fast He sleeps!
Child is sleep - ing; Hush, hush! see how He smiles in dreams.

Copyright, 1910, by G. Schirmer, Boston. For all countries
Used by permission of The Boston Music Co.

131. Hark! the summons

Traditional words — Old Welsh Melody

With spirit

mf

1. Hark! the sum-mons, come my — fel - lows,
2. Toil and trou - ble lie be - hind us,
3. Quick, join hands, and foot it — neat - ly,

Fa la la la la la

Crown your hats with hol - ly — ber - ry,
la la la. Think no more of chan - ces — drear - y,
In the dance we ne'er can wea - ry,

Hark! the peal - ing
Fa la la la la la la la la. While the well-known
To the harp that

f

bells that tell us,
strains re - mind us,
sounds so sweet - ly,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

poco rit.

'Tis the eve of New Year mer-ry,
'Tis the eve of New Year mer-ry,
On the eve of New Year mer-ry,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

132. New Year's Day

Homer H. Harbour — French Folk-song

Moderately fast

mf

1. When win - ter winds are blow - ing, And nights are long and cold;— The
2. What will the New Year bring us, Be - fore he too is dead?— The
3. The New Year will bring sun - shine, The New Year will bring rain;— And

bells ring in the New Year, The bells ring out the Old.—
New Year will bring show - ers, And dew and ros - es red;—
or - chards white with blos - soms, And fields of gold - en grain.—

poco rit.

Wel - come, Hap - py New Year, Born in win - ter cold!—
Peach - es, plums and cher - ries, Sing - ing birds o'er - head.—
Last of all his pres - ents, Christ - mas bells a - gain.—

133. Valentines

Homer H. Harbour — Old English Melody

In moderate time

mp

1. In the dark of the win - ter when cold winds do blow, Saint
2. There are hearts, and gay rib - bons, and birds on the wing, Gilt,

Val - en - tine's Day comes like flow'rs in the snow; Bring - ing
lace, and red ros - es, with ev - 'ry fine thing; But the

mf

thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re - new, By
love— in our hearts send - ing— gifts on their way, Is

poco rit.

send - ing them greet - ings of friend - ship still true.
best of all bless - ings on Val - en - tine's Day.

134. Washington's Birthday

Homer H. Harbour — French Folk-song

With dignity

mf

1. For the birth - day of a sol - dier all the
2. He was lead - er of our ar - mies when they

bells are rung this day; For the birth - day of a states - man all the
beat the foe at last; He was fore - most in the na - tion when the

streets with flags are gay; He was lead - er of our
bit - ter war was past; For the birth - day of a

ar - mies in the long, long years a - go, When they
he - ro we are sing - ing now this song To the

poco rit.

wan - der'd, cold and bare - foot, in the cru - el win - ter snow.
Fa - ther of our coun - try, who was no - ble, great and strong.

135. For Patriots' Day

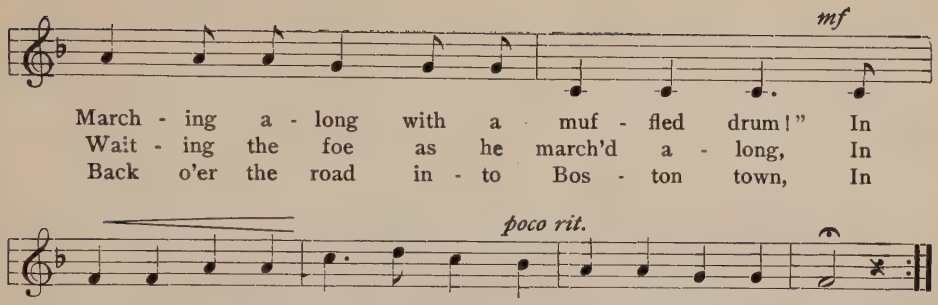
John Irwin — Dutch Folk-song

In march time

mf

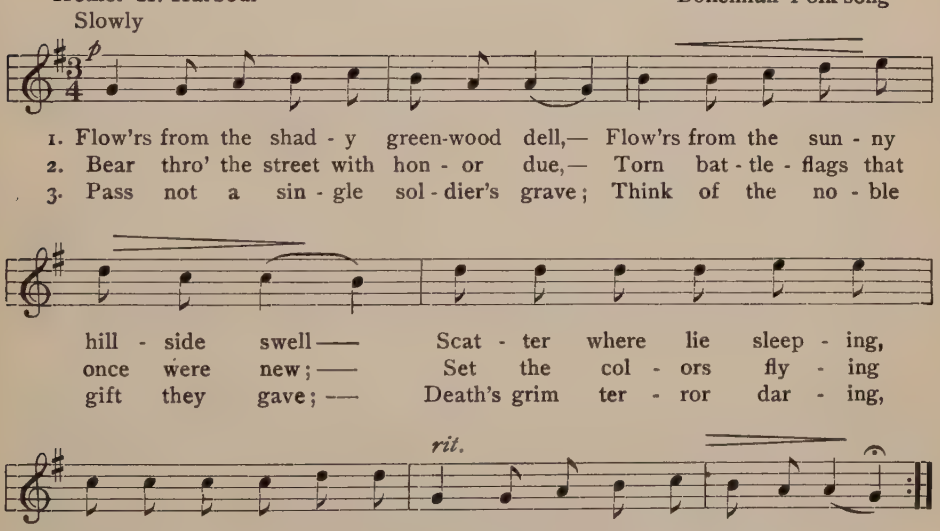
1. In Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton The bells rang out one
2. In Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton Be - fore the sun did
3. In Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton Be - fore the sun had

night, "Be - ware the red - coats! On they come,
rise, The Min - ute - men stood firm and strong,
set, They chased the sol - diers of the crown



136. In Memoriam

Homer H. Harbour — Bohemian Folk-song



137. Columbus Day

John Erwin — Italian Melody

With swinging rhythm

mp

1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum - bus came, With three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing;— A - way from a town on the coast of Spain, With cour - age and hope un - fail - ing.— To seek— a dis - tant gold - en shore He dared the seas un - known be - fore; And ev - er he pi - lot - ed west - ward Three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing.—

2. Sing in his hon - or a song to - day, The ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing — Who, day aft - er day with no sight of land, Thro' per - il - ous seas came far - ing.— This might - y west - ern land he found, And proved to men the world is round. All hon - or to gal - lant Co - lum - bus, Ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing.—

poco rit.

138. Thanksgiving Day

Homer H. Harbour — French Folk-song

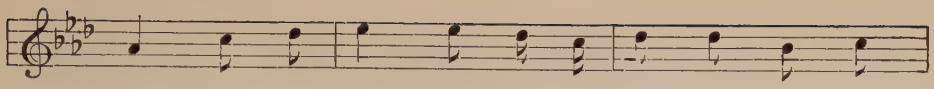
With spirit

mf

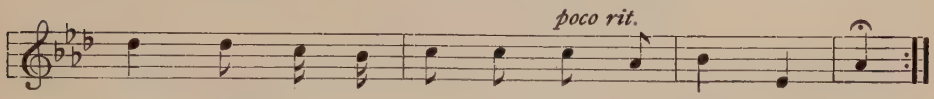
1. Oh, Thanks - giv - ing morn - ing is a time of glee, With our kit - chen bus - y as a place can

2. In the aft - er - noon it's time at last to eat Of a din - ner splen - did as a king might

3. On Thanks - giv - ing night, when dark the shad - ows fall, A great fire is light - ed in the fire - place



be; When the mince - pies are a - bak - ing, And the
greet; There's a tur - key full of spic - es, There are
tall; When the ap - ples are a - roast - ing, And the

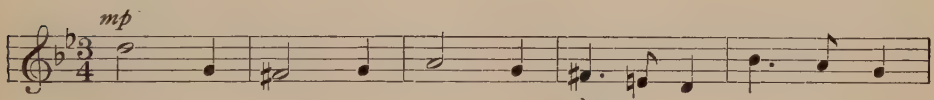


pud - dings are a - mak - ing; That's the time for me.
pud - dings, there are i - ces, Cake and can - dies sweet.
chest - nuts are a - toast - ing, That is best of all.

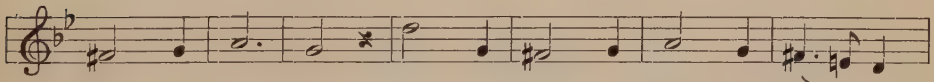
139. Christmas Eve

Cordelia Brooks Fenno — English Folk-song

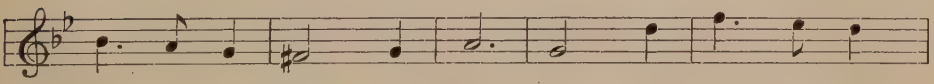
In moderate time



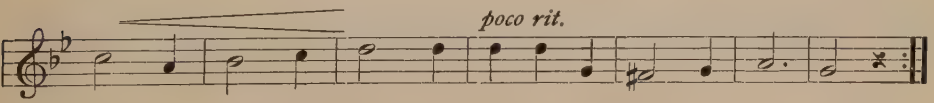
1. On the ground the snow - flakes glis - ten, This is the
2. In the sky the stars are gleam - ing, Stars of a



Eve of Christ - mas; Bells are chim - ing as we lis - ten,
hap - py Yule - tide; See how bright their rays are beam - ing,



This is the Eve of Christ - mas; The i - ci - cles
Light of a hap - py Yule - tide. So hang up your



hang a - bove our heads, And this is the Eve of Christ - mas
stock - ings, great and small, For this is the Eve of Yule - tide.

140. Christmas Day

Richard Compton
With spirit

German Folk-song

mf

1. Oh, Christ-mas is com - ing, oh, Christmas is near, The day we love
2. The night be - fore Christmas is won - der - ful fun, Tho' oft - en it

best of all days in the year; And good San - ta Claus must be
seems it will nev - er be done. We sleep not a mo - ment, tho'

poco rit.

now on his way, With pres - ents for chil-dren heap'd high in his sleigh.
hard we may try, And with the first dawn, "Merry Christmas!" we cry.

INDEX

Title	Grade	Number
Adeste, fideles	II	86
Ah, vous dirai je, Maman	I	1
All through the night	III	96
Alphabet, The	I	1
America	I	49
Apple-tree House, The	II	69
April Vacation	II	93
Au Clair de la Lune	I	8
Auld lang syne	III	125
Autumn Song	III	101
Bells, The	II	51
Bergère, La	II	54
Bobbie Shaftoe	III	104
Bonne Aventure, La	I	5
Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!	III	130
Butterflies	II	82
Caterpillar! Caterpillar!	III	115
Chickadee, The	II	75
Christmas Day	III	140
Christmas Eve	III	139
Cock-a-doodle-doo!	II	56
Columbus Day	III	137
Come, Thou almighty King	I	41
Country Farmer's Son, The	III	119
Cradle Song	II	53
Cuckoo, The	II	61
Dame Tartine	II	80
Dancing in the Orchard	I	23
Early one morning	II	72
Echo Song	II	67
Elves' Dance, The	III	109

INDEX

Title	Grade	Number
En passant par la Lorraine	III	122
Evacuation Day	II	91
Evening on the River	II	58
Evening Song, An	I	13
Farmer, The	II	77
First Noel, The	II	87
Flag going by, The	I	48
Fourth of July, The	I	46
Frog he would a-wooing go, A	III	102
Furet du Bois Joli, Le	II	84
Giraflé, Girofla	II	82
God, our loving Father	I	40
Golden Boat, The	II	52
Good King Wenceslas	III	129
Good Pierrot	I	8
Happy New Year!	II	89
Hark! the summons	III	131
Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The	III	114
Holiday, The	II	76
Home, sweet home	III	124
How should I your true love know?	II	50
How wondrous and great	I	42
If I were a bird	I	11
If I were an elfin	II	60
I had a little sail-boat	II	54
In heavenly love abiding	III	128
In May	I	9
In Memoriam	III	136
In the Firelight	II	65
I saw three ships	I	34
It snows in the night	I	20
Jack-in-the-Pulpit	I	28
Journey of the leaves, The	I	4
Ladybird	II	83
Lamps of Night, The	II	62
Light-house, The	III	121

INDEX

Title	Grade	Number
Lincoln's Birthday	I	45
Little Boy and the Sheep, The	I	5
Little Dustman, The	I	37
Little Ship, The	II	79
Loch Lomond	III	116
Lords and Ladies	I	3
Lorelei, The	III	118
Lullaby	II	78
Mail-box, The	II	57
Meeting of the Waters, The	III	107
Memorial Day	II	94
Merry-go-round, The	II	80
Merry Sportsman, The	III	99
Moon Song	III	105
Morning	III	113
Morning Song	III	127
My Garden of Flowers	III	111
My old Kentucky home	III	126
My Playmate	I	25
My Pony	I	7
My Shadow	I	38
New Year's Day	III	132
Nightingale, The	I	21
Night in the Woods, A	I	32
November	II	73
Nut-tree, The	I	10
Oh, come, all ye faithful	II	86
Old folks at home, The	II	85
Old King Cole	II	81
Old Man, The	II	64
Old Woman and the Peddler, The	II	59
On a Frosty Morning	II	71
On a Summer Day	III	122
Once long ago	I	44
On Easter Day	II	92
Open Fire, The	II	55
Our Country	II	95

INDEX

Title	Grade	Number
Patriots' Day, For	III	135
Petit Chasseur, Le	II	55
Picnic on the Grass, A	I	22
Pine Tree, The	I	15
Pine Tree Swing, The	I	33
Planting a Garden	II	70
Playing Ball on the Stairs	I	35
Pont d'Avignon, Le	I	2
Pony Ride, The	I	24
Ramène tes Moutons	I	12
Reveille	I	29
Riding on the Elevated	I	26
Robin, The	II	74
Robin-a-Thrush	II	66
Roi d'Yvetot, Le	II	90
Sailing Song, A	III	103
Semons la Salade	II	89
St. Valentine's Day	II	90
Santa Claus	I	47
Shepherdess, The	I	12
Shining Wires	III	123
Shop Windows, The	II	59
Shower, The	I	19
Silent Night	I	43
Sleep, baby, sleep!	I	2
Sleigh-ride, The	III	120
Slumber Song	III	97
Song for Sailors and Soldiers, A	III	110
Song of Bread, A	I	27
Song of Praise	I	39
Song of Ships, A	III	117
Song of the Sea-gull	III	108
Sparrows' Nest, The	I	1
Strawberry Girl, The	II	63
Sunset in the City	III	112
Swallows, The	II	84
Swing Song	III	106

INDEX

Title	Grade	Number
Tall Clock, The	I	30
Thanksgiving Day	III	138
Tirra-lirra-lirra	I	36
Tremp' ton pain, Marie	III	113
Trolley Ride, The	III	100
Valentines	III	133
Washington's Birthday	III	134
What Child is this?	II	88
When fields are white	I	16
Where are you going to?	II	68
Who are you?	I	6
Wild Rose, The	III	98
Wind, The	I	31
Wind and the Shadows, The	II	55
Winter	I	18
Winter, good-bye!	I	17
Winter's Past	I	14

The Concord Series

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music

Under the editorship of THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE, ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON and AUGUSTUS D. ZANZIG

No. 1	25 Chorales *By* JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Selected, edited and provided with English Texts by* ELSMITH *and* SURETTE	(Cloth 1.00) Paper	.60
No. 2	The Home and Community Song Book *Compiled and edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE	Boards	1.00
No. 3	140 Folk-Songs for School and Home Rote Songs for Grades I, II and III. *Edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE Students Edition (Words and melodies only)	Cloth	.65
No. 4	A Book of Songs for Unison and Part Singing *For Grades* IV, V and VI. *Edited by* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG Students Edition (Words and melodies only)	Cloth	1.25
No. 5	20 Marches for Use in Schools *Edited by* SURETTE		1.25
No. 6	The Concord Teacher's Guide (*A Manual for all Grades*)		.60
No. 7	140 Folk-Songs with Piano accompaniment *for Grades* I, II *and* III. *Compiled and edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE. (Teachers Edition)	Cloth	2.00
No. 8	Robin Hood (*A play with music for children*) *By* KATE STEARNS PAGE		.60
No. 9	A Kindergarten Book of Folk-Songs *Collected and arranged by* LORRAINE D'OREMIEULX WARNER	Cloth	2.00
No. 10	The Concord Hymnal *For* Day School, Sunday School and Home. *Compiled by* KATHARINE HUNTINGTON *and* ELIZABETH MACLAREN ROBINSON		1.00
No. 11	The Nativity *A play with music for children based on Old French Songs. By* LORRAINE D'OREMIEULX WARNER *and* MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY		.75
No. 12	Principles of Musical Theory *By* RENÉE LONGY-MIQUELLE.	Cloth	2.00
No. 13	The Concord Anthem Book (40 Anthems) *For the use of* Mixed Voice Choirs in Protestant Churches, *compiled and edited by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON *and* HENRY WILDER FOOTE	Cloth	1.50
No. 14	A Book of Songs, with Piano accompaniment *For* Unison and Part Singing for Grades IV, V and VI. *Edited by* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG (Teachers Edition)	Cloth	3.00
No. 15	The Concord Junior Song & Chorus Book For Grades VII, VIII and IX. *By* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG (Teachers Edition)	Cloth	3.50
No. 16	The Concord Junior Song & Chorus Book For Grades VII, VIII and IX. *By* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG Students Edition (Words and Melodies only)	Cloth	1.25
No. 50	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. I. (Containing 36 titles, portrait of DR. DAVISON and preface by DANIEL GREGORY MASON)	Cloth	2.50
No. 100	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. II. (Containing 31 titles)	Cloth	2.50
No. 601	The Concord Piano Books		.75
No. 602	Elementary Course of Instruction based on Folk-Songs (with words) and		.75
No. 603	on Physical interpretation of Rhythm. *Arranged by* KATHERINE K. DAVIS		.90
No. 604	(Four volumes)		.90
No.1000	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. III. (Contains 25 titles)	Cloth	2.50

(In Preparation)

No. 17	The Concord Chorus Book for Treble Voices	(Teachers Edition)
No. 18	The Concord Chorus Book for Treble Voices	(Students Edition)
No. 19	The Better Home & Community (Song Book)	
No.1050	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. IV.	

NOTE: When ordering please mention "Concord Series" and number only. A descriptive circular of the works of the "Concord Series" will be furnished on request.

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

39 Song of Praise

40 God Our Loving Father

36 Pina-Lina

Y0-AUS-895